"THE WEST FROM A CAR WINDOW," by Richard Harding Davis, and "THE CAPITALS OF THE WORLD," begin in this Number.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THE ELEVATED RAILROAD BRIDGE AT CHATHAM SQUARE.—Drawn by Henrik Hillbom.—[See Page 222.]

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A GLANCE AT THE FIELD.

As an independent observer of politics, we cannot agree with those who think that the nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND is all that is necessary to restore the Democratic party to national power. His nomination would secure the candidacy of a man whose views upon public questions seem to us very sound, and who has a great deal of public conscience and courage. But events are constantly demonstrating that he is not a real representative of the Democratic party, and for that reason we are not disposed to think that he would be its strongest candidate. He would undoubtedly receive the support of a large independent vote, and of many independent journals, but he would lose a larger Democratic support. The silver Democrats are implacably opposed to him, except some of the free-silver leaders like Mr. MILLS and Mr. CARLISLE, who are willing to recover party power upon a more promising issue, like tariff reform, leaving the chance of silver legislation to follow such recovery. But the unsound currency men would do as the friends of Mr. HILL in New York did in the campaign of 1888. They would smile and stab.

But apart from that, the renomination of Mr. CLEVELAND would be contrary to all party precedent. Mr. JOHN BIGELOW states the case accurately in saying: "A President who seeks a renomination asks the country to approve of his administration. Mr. CLEVELAND sought a renomination, and in a perfectly fair contest his administration was not approved of. No national convention will care to commit the fortunes of the party to a vessel which the people have deliberately pronounced unseaworthy." Of course it may be said that Mr. CLEVELAND was sold out in New York by the friends of Mr. HILL, but the dishonors of cheating and bribery in the election were "easy." In other words, Mr. BIGELOW'S "perfectly fair contest" means as fair as usual. His statement, we say, is accurate from the party point of view. A party convention would naturally take that view, and it is quite pathetic to see how resolutely newspapers that wish to see Mr. CLEVELAND nominated insist that he will be. We should gladly see his nomination, but as honest observers and reporters of the signs of the times, we cannot profess to expect it. If the Democratic party were solely intent upon tariff reform, a sound currency, and a reformed civil service, it would, of course, nominate Mr. CLEVELAND. But it has other purposes than these, while Mr. CLEVELAND'S views upon some of these questions are not those of his party. That is the reason, not the force of personal jealousies and intrigues, which seems to us to make his nomination improbable.

There is another view which is also worthy of attention. If it be still uncertain, as is universally agreed, whether the Democratic party is or is not bent upon tampering with the currency, and if its decision upon this point must be determined in favor of honesty by a small majority, acting not upon grounds of conviction, but of temporary expediency, as in the case of Messrs. MILLS and CARLISLE, are honest and conservative men, because they desire tariff reform, quite ready to help to bring the Democratic party into power? We do not say that they may not. In the alternative it may be the wiser course. But certainly the present position of the party shows that it does not discharge the duty of a party in our political system. A party is properly an organized body composed of those who agree in opinion and wish to promote a common policy. But a party is no party at all, it is a mere mob or mass-meeting, when it has to poll itself to discover its own views or policy. If the Democratic House should reject the BLAND bill by a small majority, would anybody suppose that therefore the Democratic party may be supported as a sound currency party, or that the issue of sound currency may be blinked, in the hope that because tariff reform might be practicable under Democratic auspices, its action upon the currency may be risked? These are questions which occur to many "thoughtful observers," who do not clearly comprehend the suggestion that the position of a national party upon fundamental questions cannot be known until it is seen whom it nominates for President or how it votes in Congress.

THE NEW YORK DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

THE selection of WASHINGTON'S birthday for the meeting of the New York Democratic Convention, which, with all its circumstances, is a signal illustration of the party system, recalls WASHINGTON'S fervid appeal against the peril of party spirit in the Farewell Address. Mr. HILL'S Convention, its call, the election of its members, and its action, are all strictly in accordance with "the discipline of party," and the "concession" and "surrender of individual views," which the learned doctors of party inform us are indispensable to that vigorous maintenance and support of party organization without which nothing can be accomplished in a republic. The theory of party requires that party differences must be settled by the voters themselves at the primaries. But when the majority has reached a decision, there is no alternative but to acquiesce or to leave the party. A State Committee for the year must be held to represent the views of the party at that time, and its action, unless corruption of some kind is proved, is the party action—the action, that is to say, of those of the party who are interested enough to act, the rest assenting by inaction.

There was undoubtedly "crookedness" at certain primaries, but it is probable that the HILL Convention, upon the whole, fairly represented the Democratic party of New York. Certainly it was not a very different convention from that of last year at Saratoga. This does not imply, however, that there is not always a certain opposition within the party. But during the ascendency of Mr. HILL there has been no evidence that he was not a fair party representative. Mr. CLEVELAND, when President, acknowledged it by his subscription to the party election fund when Mr. HILL was the candidate for the Governorship, and by his advocacy of Mr. FELLOWS'S election against an independent municipal movement. Indeed, nothing that Mr. HILL has done has produced any protest from any considerable part of the party until the call for the late Convention. But such a call, as is perfectly well known, is wholly within the discretion of the Committee acting for what it believes to be the best interests of the party. And although there is discontent, there is no evidence that the majority of the party in the State does not agree with the Committee that these interests will be best served by the nomination of Mr. HILL. It seems to us that no impartial observer can doubt either that Tammany Hall represents the general Democratic feeling and sentiment of the State more truly than the Manhattan or Reform Club in the city, or that Mr. HILL is a truer representative of the average Democracy than Mr. CLEVELAND—a view which we shall gladly see proved to be incorrect.

There is no doubt, however, that the firm and unyielding course of the HILL-Tammany power has aroused a protest which will probably show to the National Convention that while the HILL faction, as a large majority, may truly represent the party in New York, yet that the protest may become a bolt, either public or private, should Mr. HILL be nominated. The leaders of the protest will probably declare to the National Convention that individually they are "rock-ribbed" Democrats, but they will lament the number of the faithful who would go astray should Mr. HILL be nominated—not, however, because he stole the State Senate, nor because he is a mere selfish, adroit, and unscrupulous schemer, but because he called the State Convention too early. And as it is the probable loss of votes, not the truth of the reasons alleged for it, which interests the power that makes nominations, this representation may, and probably will, defeat the nomination of Mr. HILL. We are not yet, however, able to see in the Democratic protest in New York a movement which, in the event of its defeat, would lead to an open, declared, and definite secession from the Democratic party. In 1848 the Barnburner Democrats bolted the nomination of CASS, and MARTIN VAN BUREN and his son JOHN led the revolt; but in 1852 the VAN BURENS were back again in the party fold, although the malign control of the party against which they had revolted was stronger than ever. We suppose that the present revolters do not contemplate withdrawal from the party even if the National Convention decides against them. Their fight is simply for the control of their party. If they are beaten, they will remain Democrats, pick their flints, and try it again.

THE COAL MONOPOLY.

THE old saying that competition is the life of trade is antiquated in an era of trusts. But such combinations are the natural result of the comprehensive grasp of industrial possibilities by men who have a large business genius. Monopolies are familiar, and politically and historically they have played a very important part in civilizations. The great commercial companies and especially lucrative trades are forms of the privilege which have been granted to certain persons under plea of the common benefit. The advantages of great capital in the transaction of business, forecast as soon as they were considered, the vain struggle of smaller capital, "corners" in speculations of every kind—all these phenomena foretold the trusts and combinations which now excite and alarm the community.

The limited area that supplies anthracite coal, the means of transport, the interests and capital involved, were the elements of a problem which has been solved for the benefit of clever and daring speculators in the late simple combination. By an ingenious agreement among a large proportion of the coal-carriers, one company has obtained the control of four-fifths of the anthracite coal supply. The object is to fix the price of the coal. It is one of the striking illustrations of a great monopoly in an essential material of industry, and is the last application of the principle of the trust. The hostility of monopoly to the popular welfare is familiar. Its plea, of course, is economy and public benefit, as that of political despotism is defence against anarchy. The important practical question, however, is not the plea under which such a power is exercised, but how the exercise is to be prevented or restrained.

In the Reading coal combination this remedy is supposed to exist in a provision of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which prohibits the consolidation of parallel or competing lines of transport. The Governor of Pennsylvania has been asked to enforce this provision, and he has referred the request to the Attorney-General to take action for such enforcement. It is not possible that the parties to the Reading deal, who are sagacious and well-informed men, are ignorant of a constitutional provision which was adopted, of course, to prevent the very action that they have taken. They must have carefully considered how the provision might be evaded, and their reply, with that of the Attorney-General, will be exceedingly interesting.

THE CASES OF CHILI AND ITALY.

THE Indianapolis *Journal* holds that a recent statement of the WEEKLY in regard to the Chili affair is "not only discreditable, but not far from disgraceful." The statement was this: "We have compelled Chili to do what we would not do to Italy, namely, to apologize while the incident of which we complain is still undergoing investigation in her courts." HARPER'S WEEKLY would be very sorry to have merited so strong a rebuke as that of the Indianapolis *Journal*, and if it be in error it is perfectly willing to say so.

In the case of the New Orleans massacre there was no question of fact in regard to the occurrence. The ringleaders frankly confessed the deliberate shooting to death of unarmed and defenceless prisoners in a jail-yard. The government promptly expressed to the Italian government its deep sense of the horror of the lamentable incident, but it made no apology; it promised neither reparation nor indemnity; and upon a peremptory demand for punishment and reparation, it replied "that in a matter of such gravity the government of the United States would not permit itself to be unduly hurried," and further, "nor will it make answer to any demand until every fact essential to a correct judgment shall have been fully ascertained through [American] legal authority."

In the case of Chili the facts of the assault were not known. But immediately upon its occurrence, and before any complaint on our part, the Chilian authorities began an investigation, of which they informed Commander SCHLEY. When Mr. EGAN'S very peremptory letter was received, the Chilian government's reply spoke of the lamentable incident, repeating the phrase, and stated, like our letter to Italy, that it would await the result of its own investigation, which would be promptly communicated through EGAN to our government, with which Chili declared that it desired to maintain the most friendly relations. The Italian massacre occurred nearly a

year ago. The legal inquiry was ended many months since. No punishment, or indemnity, or other apology, except the natural expressions of horror at a wanton massacre, has followed, so far as we are aware. If our peremptory demands upon Chili to apologize before her investigation was concluded involved nothing more than what we did voluntarily in the Italian case, HARPER'S WEEKLY is at fault.

THE TYPHUS TROUBLE.

THE health authorities seem to be doing their utmost to prevent an epidemic of typhus fever, and their activity, with the good sense of the press, has succeeded thus far in preventing a panic. It is a curious illustration of the inadequacy of the quarantine system that a shipful of passengers infected with typhus should have been permitted to land in the city, and disperse immediately throughout the country. But the prompt and alert inquiry which followed succeeded, we believe, in ascertaining the condition of every one of the Russian Jews who were the chief victims, so that they could be held under strict and constant supervision.

We mentioned the conduct of the press, for nothing is easier than for the newspapers to produce a general alarm by a very simple use, or rather misuse, of typographical resources and editorial comment. This, however, has been all avoided, and the plain facts have been published in a manner to allay, and not aggravate, public apprehension. But the incident has stimulated the growing public discontent with the vast and ceaseless current of the least desirable addition to our population that pours upon us.

The laws excluding Chinese have continued, and undoubtedly with general approval. But for what reason should one of the most efficient and least troublesome people have been prohibited from entrance into the country which does not apply equally to those who are as absolutely alien? The mass of foreign pauperism, crime, ignorance, in every kind and degree, which is "dumped" upon this country cannot but have an injurious effect, and it is certainly an evil which we are not bound to tolerate. It is not a moral, political, or social duty to imperil our institutions and our welfare. As trustees of liberty in the truest sense, we must protect our trust.

A GLIMPSE OF THE SOUTHWEST, AND OF PARIS.

IN this number of the WEEKLY Mr. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS begins a series of graphic and picturesque papers upon the Southwest. The frank and lucid style, the fresh observation, and the hearty sympathy of the writer give to his narrative of impressions a peculiar charm. His sketches also reveal a Texas which will be very unexpected to those who hold the general dime-novel conception of the State. It is evident that there is another Southwest than that of the old Bowery theatre, and Mr. DAVIS'S vivid glimpses and hints are novel and exceedingly interesting. His first paper ends with the story of the Alamo, a tale of heroism which is told admirably. Those who travel with Mr. DAVIS will have an exhilarating and delightful journey.

And it is their happy fortune that in this WEEKLY also they can begin a tour of "The Capitals of the World." Paris is the first capital visited with FRANÇOIS COPPÉE, one of the most accomplished of Parisians, as their guide, philosopher, and friend. This opening number of the series, giving a complete paper upon this fascinating city, is delightful for its purely Parisian character. It treats Paris from the inside as only a native Parisian can see it and know it. It is not Paris through American or English spectacles, but Paris of the Parisian, to which we are introduced, and it is pleasant to know that sitting quietly at home and without braving the unruly ocean we can see "very Paris" more intimately and intelligently than hosts of our fellow-countrymen who actually promenade the boulevards and dine at the café of the moment.

Both these series will be well illustrated, and will appear at intervals during the year.

A HAPPY HOLIDAY.

IT is pleasant to see how general and hearty is the celebration of WASHINGTON'S birthday. There was a time when there seemed to be almost a good-natured or indifferent reaction against the national reverence for WASHINGTON, and a certain ridicule of his virtue. Of course it was wholly superficial, but the schools were troubled with the question whether he was really a man of genius, and whether he must not be considered a good rather than a great man. But the one-hundred-and-sixtieth anniversary of his birth was celebrated in a manner which shows how vital is the feeling with which he is reverenced and beloved.

Not only did Mr. HILL'S Convention seek to invest itself with a little of the lustre of the day, but Mr. CLEVELAND in an address at the University of Michigan taught the students an impressive lesson of the power of sentiment in national life. It was curious to contrast this speech with that of Senator HILL at Albany. The latter was a purely partisan appeal designed to promote the speaker's purpose of securing his party's nomination for the Presidency. But Mr. CLEVELAND'S was a simple exposition of the value of character and honesty in politics, with no party bias whatever. The contrast suggested the character of a party which could hesitate which of the two to select as its representative.

Other associations—the Cincinnati, the Sons of the Revolution, the Southern Society, to which the only objection is the name—all commemorated the day and the great man who gives it distinction. It would be of great public advantage if at every such observance of the day the Farewell Address should be read as part of the exercises. It is a paper full of practical wisdom and of patriotic warning, and it emphasizes truths which young Americans do not often hear, but which heard as the counsels of WASHINGTON they would not forget. MILTON'S Ode at Christmas, the Declaration of Independence on the Fourth of July, the Farewell Address on WASHINGTON'S birthday, are all "mighty good readin'."

SAVAGERY.

IT is long since there has been any incident in a community claiming to be civilized such as the burning alive of a negro in Arkansas. He had been guilty of an assault upon a woman. He was seized, bound to a tree, surrounded with inflammable material, the woman kindled the fire, and he was burned to ashes. Among the more savage tribes of Indians such an event might be possible. Captives taken by barbarians in war are sometimes cruelly tortured and burned. But that such an incident should occur in the United States, and be reported by the associated press as an item of news, is most extraordinary.

In the old days of slavery there were horrible tragedies. Nearly forty years ago a record of a thousand instances of torments inflicted upon fugitives was published, and stung every Northern reader to fury. But those days are passed, and such an incident as the recent burning is a frightful disgrace not only to the State in which it occurs, but to the country. The *Times* well points out that there is no resemblance between such an occurrence and the Italian massacre in New Orleans a year ago. That was a deliberate act designed, as its perpetrators declared, to secure a justice which the law, terrorized by those who were massacred, did not dare to secure. The defence was that the deed was a necessary defence against anarchy.

The chief concern of the country in such an awful outbreak as the negro burning is to know how far it is the result of an existing sentiment, and justified by it. The question is pertinent, because such a crime is inconceivable in any Northern State. It is supposable that a culprit under certain circumstances might be lynched, shot, or hung, but not roasted to death. We trust that there will be some expression of feeling in Arkansas so general as to show that this was but a savage outbreak without reason or support in local feeling.

THE OATES BILL.

AT the dinner of the Board of Trade in New York, as at the late dinner of the Rochester Chamber of Commerce, Mr. FREDERIC TAYLOR spoke earnestly and eloquently upon the subject of immigration into this country. He expressed, undoubtedly, a very general feeling upon a subject to which Congress has at last begun to pay attention. The Judiciary Committee of the House has authorized the favorable report of what is known as the OATES bill, which proposes some important changes in the naturalization laws.

The necessity of such changes is evident upon observation of the process of naturalization as practised in New York and other large cities. The matter is taken in hand by political committees, and the sole object is to grind out voters as rapidly as possible. It subjects popular institutions to an extraordinary strain, and the vast horde of extemporized citizens in the city of New York alone explains much of our politics which would be otherwise very obscure. The political contests of New York, for instance, are waged between the city and the State; and the power of Tammany Hall, which absolutely controls the city, and at the last election obtained control of the State, is based upon the mass of citizens who are American only in name.

The OATES bill abolishes the "declaration of intention," which is a wholly superfluous business, and provides that naturalization proceedings shall be a form of court trial, in which five years' continuous residence in the country and one year in the State in which application is made, with ability to read the Constitution, and the want of certain moral disqualifications, shall be proved. No alien felon, or convict for any offence involving moral turpitude, or anarchist, or polygamist, is to be naturalized, and the Court must be satisfied of the entire legal fitness of the applicant. The courts of naturalization are the District and Circuit Courts in Territories, and in States the courts of highest original jurisdiction, whether Supreme, Circuit, District, or Common Pleas. Such a law stoutly and honestly enforced in its spirit would be serviceable, although the authority of naturalization might well be vested in the United States courts alone.

PERSONAL.

MRS. M. FRENCH-SHELDON, who is now in this country, enjoys the reputation of having led a caravan through a wild and savage portion of East Africa. Mrs. SHELDON is a woman of charming personality and an American by birth. Accompanied only by a maid as a companion, she headed an expedition that started from Zanzibar with 138 black men as escorts and carriers. She began her trip into the interior from Mombasa, and penetrated as far as Kilima-Njaro, covering in all 990 miles, and walking at the head of the little band nearly all the way. The savages of the region received her with wonder and respect, and, as a woman, she was enabled to study the home conditions and customs of the natives, a privilege hitherto denied to travellers. The women and their life particularly interested her, and she gained much valuable information regarding them. She penetrated districts that heretofore have been unvisited, and returned with much valuable data regarding Lake Chala, which has been deemed almost inaccessible.

—MAURICE MAETERLINCH, whom the French call "the new SHAKESPEARE," and whose celebrity has had a more mushroom growth than even that of MASCAGNI the composer, is a young Belgian dramatic poet. A year ago he was hardly known outside the immediate neighborhood of his home, until the laudatory notices of Parisian critics bore his name on the wings of fame. He has published but little so far—a volume of poems, which are described as parodies of WALT WHITMAN, and two short plays, one of which BEERBOHM TREE has produced in London.

—It is a fact of interest that the German Ministers to Washington of recent years have been notably fine-looking men. Count von Arco Valley acquired a reputation both for his good looks and for his good bearing in society, and in those respects at least he has a worthy successor in Dr. VON HOLLEBEN, the new Minister. Dr. VON HOLLEBEN is a bachelor of about fifty years, who has had a twofold career in the German army and in the diplomatic service. He

was educated at Heidelberg and at Bonn, where he took his doctor's degree in law. He has represented his government as chargé d'affaires at Pekin and at Tokio, and in 1878 as Minister to the Argentine Republic. In 1886 he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Japan, and took part in the negotiation of a treaty defining the terms on which Europeans would be permitted to settle in the Mikado's empire.

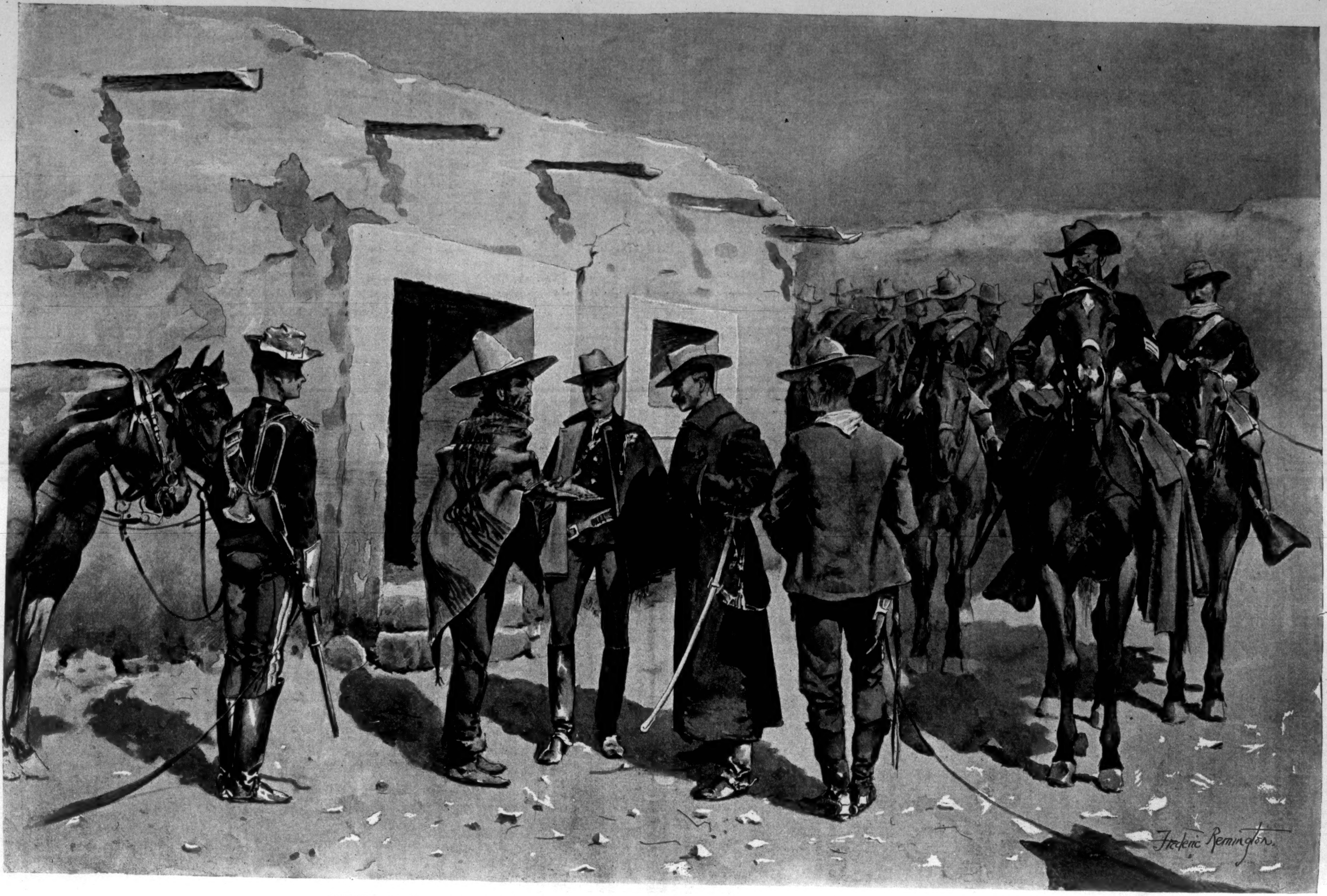
—Major-General O. O. HOWARD lost his right arm at the battle of Fair Oaks, and it was to him that General PHIL KEARNY, who had lost his left arm at Chapultepec, is said to have made the famous remark: "HOWARD, you and I will have to buy our gloves in partnership." General HOWARD is sixty-two years of age. His headquarters, as commander of the Department of the East, are on Governor's Island, and he is not infrequently seen in New York. The abundant leisure which his official position gives him is devoted to his books, and particularly to studies in military science. Just at present he is at work on a *Life of General Zachary Taylor*.

—As the train bearing the Congressional delegation to Chicago passed through some timber land where woodchoppers were at work, Senator PEFFER remarked that it reminded him of the times when he used to chop two cords of wood a day, which he did almost every day for six years. C. P. HUNTINGTON, the railroad millionaire, was recently quoted as saying that he considered a saw-buck the best gymnasium a young man could procure, and he spoke from prolonged personal experience with one in his youth.

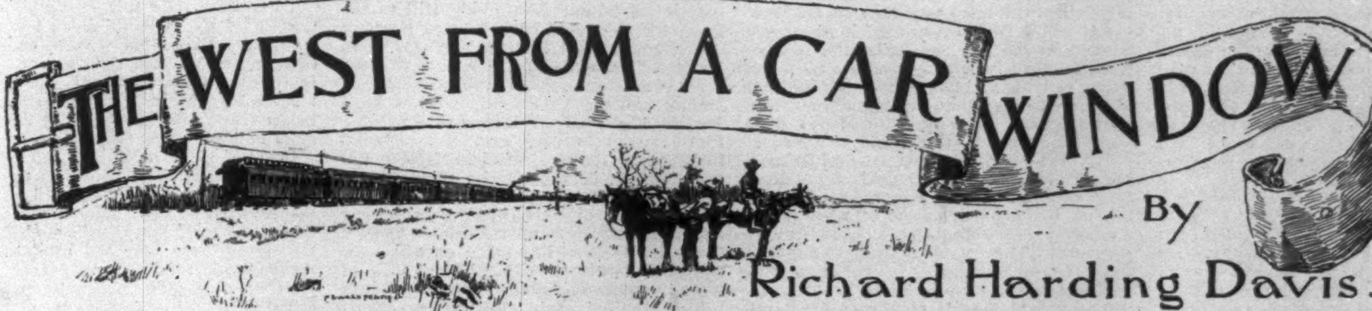
—There is every indication that the new Baptist University in Chicago, of which Dr. HARPER is president, will be as well endowed with brains as with money. With Professor HALE in Latin, Professor JOHN WILLIAMS WHITE in Greek—though Mr. WHITE is still considering the handsome offer of $7000 a year made him—LAUGHLIN in history and political economy, VON HOLST in political history, KNAPP in modern languages, and MOULTON in English literature, the university already possesses the nucleus of an exceptionally strong faculty, for these professors all have high reputations for ability, and the fame of two of them is world-wide. Dr. HARPER himself stands near the head of instructors in the Semitic languages. He is in many respects a self-educated man, and a few years ago he was a teacher of Hebrew in Illinois. Yale recognized his merit, and gave him a professorship, but it is as a college president that he seems likely to achieve his crowning success.

—Democratic America contains many people who are proud of their descent from foreign kings, and perhaps their pride is pardonable when so stern a champion of popular rights as JOHN RANDOLPH of Roanoke was accustomed to vaunt his lineage from an Indian Princess. Congressman SPRINGER has recently made the discovery that his ancestry extends back to EGBERT, the early English king, and beyond him to CHARLEMAGNE. A royal ancestry is one of the valued inheritances of the Maryland CARROLLS, the BONAPARTES, and of President HARRISON, whose line runs back to ALFRED the Great. Two other long-removed descendants of ALFRED are Mrs. HUGH MCKITTRICK and Mrs. CHESTER H. KRUM, of St. Louis; and Mrs. SHANE, of Chicago, is, from all accounts, a granddaughter of GEORGE III. of England. It is interesting in connection with the pride of pedigree existing in others to compare the absence of it in that modest Virginia gentleman who might be Lord FAIRFAX if he chose to claim the title.

—Signor ANTONIO FARINI, the Italian barytone, who was famous in concerts and operas twenty and thirty years ago, when he supported PAREPA-ROSA, NILSSON, LUCCA, LA GRANGE, and MEDORA, has retired from the stage. Among his pupils was MARIE SELIKA, the phenomenal soprano, who has had great triumphs in Europe in the past few seasons. SELIKA is an octoroon, and this circumstance has proved no bar to her success. Signor FARINI, seeing this, has conceived the idea of training others of SELIKA'S race for the operatic stage, and he now has quite a little company of octoroons, quadroons, and mulattoes in training. Those who have heard these pupils sing say that the methods of Milan applied to the genius of Mississippi have produced marvellous results.



UNITED STATES CAVALRY HUNTING FOR GARŹA ON THE RIO GRANDE.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.



I.

FROM SAN ANTONIO TO CORPUS CHRISTI.

It is somewhat disturbing to one who visits the West for the first time with the purpose of writing of it, to read on the back of a railroad map, before he reaches Harrisburg, that Texas "is 100,000 square miles larger than all the Eastern and Middle States, including Maryland and Delaware." It gives him a sudden sensation of loneliness, a wish to apologize to some one, and he is moved with a sudden desire to get out at the first station and take the next train back, before his presumption is discovered. He might possibly feel equal to the fact that Texas is "larger than all of the Central and Middle States," but this easy addition of 100,000 square miles, and the casual throwing in of Maryland and Delaware like potatoes on a basket for good measure, and just as though one or two States more or less did not matter, make him wish he had sensibly confined his observations to that part of the world bounded by Harlem and the Battery.

"REMEMBER THE ALAMO!"

If I could travel over the West for three years, I might write of it with authority; but when my time is limited to three months, I can only give impressions from a car-window point of view, and cannot dare to draw conclusions. I appreciate that this is an evident and cowardly attempt to "hedge" at the very setting forth. But it is well to understand what is to follow. All one may hope to do is to tell what impressed an Eastern man in a hurried trip through the Western States. I will try to describe what I saw in such a way that those who read may see as much as I saw with the eyes of one who had lived in the cities of the Eastern States, but the moral they draw must be their own, and can differ from mine as widely as they please.

An Eastern man is apt to cross the continent for the first time with mixed sensations of pride at the size of his country, and shame at his ignorance concerning it. He remembers guiltily how he has told that story of the Englishman who asks the American in London, on hearing he is from New York, if he knows his brother in Omaha, Nebraska. And as the Eastern man finds from the map of his own country that the letters of introduction he has accepted from intelligent friends are addressed to places one and two thousand miles apart, he determines to drop that story about the Englishman, and tell it hereafter at the expense of himself and others nearer home.

His first practical surprise will be perhaps when he discovers the speed and ease with which numerous States are passing under him, and that smooth road-beds and parlor cars remain with him to the very borders of the West. The change of time will trouble him at first, until he gets nearer Mexico, when he will have his choice of three separate standards, at which point he will cease winding his watch at all, and devote his "twenty minutes for refreshments" to watching the conductor. But this minor and merely nominal change will not distress him half so seriously as will the sudden and actual disarrangement of his dinner hour from seven at night to two in the afternoon, though even this will become possible after he finds people in southwestern Texas eating duck for breakfast.

He will get his first lesson in the politics of Texas and of the rest of the West when he first offers a ten-dollar bill for a dollar's worth of something, and is given nine large round silver dollars in change. When he has twenty or more of these on his person, and finds that his protests are met with polite surprise, he understands that silver is a large and vital issue, and that the West is ready to suffer its minor disadvantages for the possible good to come.

He will get his first wrong impression of the West through reading the head-lines of some of the papers, and from the class of books offered him for sale on the cars and in the hotels and book-stores from St. Louis to Corpus Christi. These head-lines shock even a hardened newspaper man. But they do not represent the feeling of their readers, and in that they give a wrong and unfortunate impression to the visiting stranger. They told while I was in St. Louis of a sleighing party of twenty, of whom nine were instantly killed by a locomotive, and told it as flippantly as though it were a picnic, but the accident itself was the one and serious comment of the day, and the horror of it seemed to have reached every class of citizen.

It is rather more difficult to explain away the books. They are too obvious and too much in evidence to be accidental. To judge from them, one would imagine Boccaccio, Rabelais, Zola, and such things as Velvet Vice and Old Sleuth, were all that was known to the Southwest of literature. It may be that the booksellers only keep them for their own perusal, but they might have something better for their customers.

The ideas the stay-at-home Eastern man obtains of the extreme borderland of Texas are gathered from various sources. From others who, as will all travellers, make as much of what they have seen as is possible, this much being generally to show the differences which exist between the places they have visited and their own home. Of the similarities they say nothing. Or he has read of the bandits and outlaws of the Garza revolution, and he has seen the Wild West show of the Hon. William F. Cody. The latter, no doubt, surprised and delighted him very much. A mild West show, which would be equally accurate, would surprise him even more; at least, if it was organized in the wildest part of Texas between San Antonio and Corpus Christi.

When he leaves this first city and touches at the border of Mexico, at Laredo, and starts forth again across the prairie of cactus and chaparral towards "Corpus," he feels assured that at last he is done with parlor cars and civilization; that he is about to see the picturesque and lawless side of the Texan existence, and that he has taken his life in his hands. He will be the more readily convinced of this when the young man with the broad shoulders and sun-browned face and wide sombrero in the seat in front raises the car window, and begins shooting splinters out of the passing telegraph poles with the melancholy and listless air of one who is performing a casual divertisement. But he will be better informed when the Chicago drummer has risen hurriedly, with a pale face, and has reported what is going on to the conductor, and hears that dignitary say, complacently; "Sho! that's only 'Will' Scheeley practisin'! He's a dep'ty sheriff."

He will learn in time that the only men on the borders of Texas who are allowed to wear revolvers are sheriffs, State agents in charge of prisoners, and the Texas Rangers, and that whenever he sees a man so armed he may as surely depend that he is one of these as he may know that in New York those in gray uniforms, with leather bags over their shoulders, are letter-carriers. The revolver is the Texan officer's badge of office; it corresponds to the New York policeman's shield; and he toys with it just as the Broadway policeman juggles his club. It is quite as harmless as a toy, and almost as terrible as a weapon.

This will grieve the "tenderfoot" who goes through the West "heeled," and ready to show that though he is from the effete East, he is able to take care of himself.

It was first brought home to me as I was returning from the border, where I had been with the troops who were hunting for Garza, and was waiting at a little station on the prairie to take the train for Corpus Christi. I was then told politely by a gentleman who seemed of authority that if I did not take off that pistol, I would be fined $25, or put in jail for twenty days. I explained to him where I had been, and that my baggage was at "Corpus," and that I had no other place to carry it. At which he apologized, and directed a deputy sheriff, who was also going to Corpus Christi, to see that I was not arrested for carrying a deadly weapon.

This, I think, illustrates a condition of things in darkest Texas which may give a new point of view to the Eastern mind. It is possibly something of a revelation to find that instead of every man protecting himself, and the selection of the fittest depending on who is "quickest on the trigger," he has to have an officer of the law to protect him if he tries to be a law unto himself.

While I was on the border a deputy sheriff named Rufus Glover, who was acting as a guide for Captain Chase, of the Third Cavalry, was fired upon from an ambush by persons unknown, and killed. A Mexican brought the news of this to our camp the night after the murder, and described the manner of the killing, as he supposed it had occurred, at great length and with much detail.

Except that he was terribly excited, and made a very dramatic picture as he stood in the fire-light and moonlight and acted the murder as he supposed it had taken place, it did not interest me, as I considered it to be an unfortunate event of common occurrence in that part of the world. But the next morning every ranchman and cowboy and Texas Ranger and soldier we chanced to meet on the trail to Captain Hunter's camp took up the story of the murder of Rufus Glover, and told and retold what some one else had told him with desperate earnestness and the most wearying reiteration. And on the day following, when the papers reached us, we found that reporters had been sent to the scene of the murder from almost every part of southwest Texas, many of whom had had to travel a hundred miles, and then ride thirty more through the brush before they reached it. How many city editors in New York city would send as far as that for anything less important than a railroad disaster or a Johnstown flood?

On the fourth day after the murder of this in no way celebrated or unusually popular individual the people of Duval County, in which he had been killed, called an indignation meeting, and passed resolutions condemning the county officials for not sup-

RANGERS IN CAMP.

pressing crime, and petitioning the Governor of the State to send the Rangers to put an end to such lawlessness; that is, the killing of one man in an almost uninhabited country. The committee who were to present this petition passed through Laredo on the way to see the Governor. Laredo is one hundred miles from the scene of the murder, and in an entirely different county, but there the popular indignation and excitement were so great that another mass-meeting was called, and another petition was made to the Governor, in which the resolutions of Duval County were endorsed. I do not know what his Excellency did about it. There were in the Tombs in New York when I left that city twenty-five men awaiting trial for murder, and that crime was so old a story in the Bend and along the east side that the most morbid newspaper reader skipped the scant notice the papers gave of them. It would seem from this that the East should reconstruct a new Wild West for itself, in which a single murder sends two committees of indignant citizens to the State capital to ask the Governor what he intends to do about it.

But the West is not wholly reconstructed. There are still the Texas Rangers, and in them the man from the cities of the East will find the picturesqueness of the Wild West show and its happiest expression. If they and the sight of cowboys roping cattle do not satisfy him, nothing else will. The Rangers are a semi-militia, semi-military organization of long descent, and with the most brilliant record of border warfare. At the present time their work is less adventurous than it was in the day of Captain McNelly, but the spirit of the first days has only increased with time.

The Rangers enlist for a year under one of eight captains, and the State pays them a dollar a day and supplies them with rations and ammunition. They bring with them their own horse, blanket, and rifle, and revolver; they wear no regular uniform or badge of any sort, except the belt of cartridges around the waist. The mounted police of the gold days in the Australian bush and the mounted constabulary of the Canadian border are perhaps the only other organizations of a like nature and with similar duties. Their headquarters are wherever their captain finds water, and, if he is fortunate, fuel and shade, but as the latter two are difficult to find in common in the five hundred square miles of brush along the Rio Grande, they are content with a tank of alkali water alone.

There are about twenty men in each of the eight troops, and one or two of them are constantly riding away on detached service—to follow the trail of a Mexican bandit or a horse-thief, or to suppress a family feud. The Rangers' camps look much like those of gypsies, with their one wagon to carry the horses' feed, the ponies grazing at the ends of the lariats, the big Mexican saddles hung over the nearest barb fence, and the blankets covering the ground and marking the hard beds of the night before. These men are the especial pride of General Mabry, the Adjutant-General of Texas, who was with them the first time I met them, sharing their breakfast of bacon and coffee under the shade of the only tree within ten miles. He told me some very thrilling stories of their deeds and personal meetings with the desperadoes and "bad" men of the border; but when he tried to lead Captain Brooks into relating a few of his own adventures, the result was a significant and complete failure. Significant, because big men cannot tell of the big things they do as well as other people can—they are handicapped by having to leave out the best part; and because Captain Brooks's version of the same story the general had told me, with all the necessary detail, would be: "Well, we got word they were hiding in a ranch down in Zepata County, and we went down there and took 'em, which they were afterwards hung."

The fact that he had had three fingers shot off as he "took 'em" was a detail he scorned to remember, especially as he could shoot better without these members than the rest of his men, who had only lost one or two.

Boots above the knee and leather leggins, a belt three inches wide with two rows of brass-bound cartridges, and a slanting sombrero make a man appear larger than he really is, but the Rangers were the largest men I saw in Texas, the State of big men. And some of them were remarkably handsome in a sunburned, broad-shouldered, easy, manly way. They were also somewhat shy with the strangers, listening very intently, but speaking little, and then in a slow, gentle voice, and as they spoke so seldom, they seemed to think what they had to say was too valuable to spoil by profanity.

When General Mabry found they would not tell of their adventures, he asked them to show how they could shoot, and as this was something they could do, and not something already done, they went about it as gleefully as school-boys at recess doing "stunts." They placed a board, a foot wide and two feet high, some sixty feet off in the prairie, and Sheriff Scheeley opened hostilities by whipping out his revolver, turning it in the air, and shooting, with the sights upside down, into the bull's-eye of the impromptu target. He did this without discontinuing what he was saying to me, but rather as though he were punctuating his remarks with audible commas.

Then he said, "I didn't think a' you Rangers would let a little one-penny sheriff get in the first shot on you." He could afford to say this, because he had been a Ranger himself, and his brother Joe was one of the best captains the Rangers have had, and he and all of his six brothers are over six feet high. But the taunt produced an instantaneous volley from every man in the company; they did not take the trouble to rise, but shot from where they happened to be sitting or lying and talking together, and the air rang with the reports and a hundred quick vibrating little gasps, like the singing of a wire string when it is tightened on a banjo.

They exhibited some most wonderful shooting. They shot with both hands at the same time, with the hammer underneath, holding the rifle in one hand, and never, when it was a revolver they were using, with a glance at the sights. They would sometimes fire four shots from a Winchester between the time they had picked it up from the ground and before it had nestled comfortably against their shoulder. They also sent one man on a pony racing around a tree about as thick as a man's leg, and were dissatisfied because he only put four out of six shots into it. Then General Mabry, who seemed to think I did not fully appreciate what they were doing, gave a Winchester rifle to Captain Brooks and myself, and told us to show which of us could first put eight shots into the target.

It seems that to shoot a Winchester you have to pull a trigger one way and work a lever backwards and forwards; this would naturally suggest that there are three movements—one to throw out the empty shell, one to replace it with another cartridge, and the third to explode this cartridge. Captain Brooks, as far as I could make out from the sound, used only one movement for his entire eight shots. As I guessed, the trial was more to show Captain Brooks's quickness rather than his marksmanship. I paid no attention to the target, but devoted myself assiduously to manipulating the lever and trigger, and aimed blankly at the prairie. When I had fired two shots into space, the captain had put his eight into the board. They sounded as they went off like fire-crackers well started in a barrel, and mine, in comparison, like minute-guns at sea. The Rangers, I found, after I saw more of them, could shoot as rapidly with a revolver as with a rifle, and had become so expert with the smaller weapon that instead of pressing the trigger for each shot, they would pull steadily on it, and snap the hammer until the six shots were exhausted.

San Antonio is the oldest of Texan cities, and possesses historical and picturesque show-places which in any other country but our own would be visited by innumerable American tourists prepared to fall down and worship. The citizens of San Antonio do not, as a rule, appreciate the historical values of their city; they are rather tired of them. They would prefer you should look at the new Post-office and the City Hall, and ride on the cable road. But the missions which lie just outside of the city are what will bring the Eastern man or woman to San Antonio, and not the new water-works. There are four of these missions, the two largest and most interesting being the Mission de la Conception, of which the corner-stone was laid in 1730, and the Mission San José, the carving, or what remains of it, in the latter being wonderfully rich and effective. The Spaniards were forced to abandon the missions on account of the hostility of the Indians, and they have been occupied at different times since by troops and bats, and left to the mercies of the young men from "Rochester, N. Y.," and the young women from "Dallas, Texas," who have carved their immortal names over their walls just as freely as though they were the pyramids of Egypt or Blarney Castle. San Antonio is a great place for invalids, on account of its moderate climate, and a most satisfactory place in which to spend a week or two in the winter whether one is an invalid or not. There is the third largest army post in the country at the edge of the city, where there is much to see and many interesting people to know, and there is a good club, and cock-fighting on Sunday, and a first-rate theatre all the week. At night the men sit outside of the hotels, and the plazas are filled with Mexicans and their open-air restaurants, and the lights of these and the brigandish appearance of those who keep them are very unlike anything one may see at home.

All the city really needs now is a good hotel and a more proper pride in its history and the monuments to it. The man who seems to appreciate this best is William Corner, whose book on San Antonio is a most valuable historical authority. A few years ago one would have said that San Antonio was enjoying a boom. But you cannot use that expression now, for the Western men have heard that a boom, no matter how quickly it rises, often comes down just as quickly, and so forcibly that it makes a hole in the ground where castles in the air had formerly stood. So if you want to please a Western man by speaking well of his city, and you cannot please him more in any other way, you must say that it is enjoying a "steady, healthy growth." San Antonio is enjoying a steady, healthy growth.

It is quite as impossible to write comprehensively of southwestern Texas in one article as it is to write such an article and say nothing of the Alamo. And the Alamo, in the event of any hasty reader's possible objection, is not ancient history. It is no more ancient history than love is an old story, for nothing is ancient and nothing is old that every new day teaches something that is fine and beautiful and brave. The Alamo is to the Southwest what Independence Hall is to the United States, and Bunker Hill to the East; but the pride of it belongs to every American, whether he lives in Texas or in Maine. The battle of the Alamo was the event of greatest moment in the war between Mexico and the Texans, when Santa Anna was President, and the Texans were fighting for their independence. And the stone building to which the Mexicans laid siege, and in which the battle was fought, stands to-day facing a plaza in the centre of San Antonio.

There are hideous wooden structures around it, and others not so hideous—modern hotels and the new Post-office, on which the mortar is hardly yet dry. But in spite of these the grace and dignity the monks gave it in 1774 raise it above these modern efforts that tower above it and dwarf them. They are collecting somewhat slowly a fund to pay for the erection of a monument to the heroes of the Alamo. As though it needed a monument, with its battered walls still standing and the marks of the bullets on the casements! No architect can build better than that. No architect can introduce that feature. The architects of the Alamo were building the independence of a state as wide in its boundaries as the German Empire.

The story of the Alamo is a more than thrice-told one, and Sidney Lanier has told it so well that whoever would write of it must draw on him for much of their material, and must accept his point of view. But it cannot be told too often, even though it is spoiled in the telling.

On the 23d of February, 1836, General Santa Anna himself, with 4000 Mexican soldiers, marched into the town of San Antonio. In the old mission of the Alamo were the town's only defenders, 145 men, under Captain Travis, a young man twenty-eight years old. With him were Davy Crockett, who had crossed over from his own State to help those who were freeing theirs, and Colonel Bowie (who gave his name to a knife, which name our government gave later to a fort), who was wounded and lying on a cot.

Their fortress and quarters and magazine was the mission, their artillery 14 mounted pieces, but there was little ammunition. Santa Anna demanded unconditional surrender, and the answer was ten days of dogged defence, and skirmishes by day and sorties for food and water by night. The Mexicans lost heavily during the first days of the siege, but not one inside of the Alamo was killed. Early in the week Travis had despatched couriers for help, and the defenders of the mission were living in the hope of re-enforcements, but four days passed and neither couriers returned nor re-enforcements came. On the fourth day Colonel Fannin with 300 men and four pieces of artillery started forth from Goliad, but put back again for want of food and lack of teams. The garrison of the Alamo never knew of this. On the 1st of March Captain John W. Smith, who *has* found teams, and who *has* found *rations*, brings an offering of 32 men from Gonzales, and leads them safely into the fort. They have come with forced marches to their own graves; but neither do they know that, and the garrison, now 172 strong, against 4000 Mexicans, continues its desperate sorties and its desperate defence.

On the 3d of March, 1836, there was a cessation in the bombardment, and Captain Travis drew his men up into single rank and takes his place in front of them.

He tells them that he has deceived them with hopes of re-enforcements, false hopes based on false promises of help from the outside, but he does not blame those who failed him, he makes excuses for them, they have tried to reach him, no doubt, but have been killed on the way. Sidney Lanier quotes this excusing of those who had deserted him at the very threshold of death as best showing the fineness of Travis, and the poet who has judged the soldier so truly has touched here one of the strongest points of this story of great heroism.

Captain Travis tells them that all that remains to them is the choice of their death, and that they have but to decide in which manner of dying they will best serve their country. They can surrender and be shot down mercilessly, they can make a sortie and be butchered before they have gained twenty yards, or they can die fighting to the last, and killing their enemies until that last comes.

He gives them their choice, and then stooping, draws a line with the point of his sword in the ground from the left to the right of the rank.

"And now," he says, "every man who is determined to remain here and to die with me will come to me across that line."

Tapley Holland was the first to cross. He jumped it with a bound, as though it were a Rubicon. "I am ready to die for my country," he said.

And then all but one man, named Rose, marched over to the other side. Colonel Bowie, lying wounded in his cot, raised himself on his elbow. "Boys," he said, "don't leave me. Won't some of you carry me across?"

And those of the sick who could walk rose from the bunks and tottered across the line; and those who could not walk were carried. Rose, who could speak Spanish, trusted to this chance to escape, and scaling the wall of the Alamo, dropped into a ditch on the other side, and crawled, hidden by the cactus, into a place of safety. Through him we know what happened before that final day came. He had his reward.

Three days after this, on the morning of the 6th of March, Santa Anna brought forward all of his infantry, supported by his cavalry, and stormed the fortress. The infantry came up on every side at once in long black solid rows, bearing the scaling-ladders before them, and encouraged by the press of great numbers about them.

But the band inside the mission drove them back, and those who held the ladders dropped them on the ground and ran against the bayonets of their comrades. A second time they charged into the line of bullets, and the second time they fell back, leaving as many dead at the foot of the ladders as there were standing at bay within the walls. But at the third trial the ladders are planted, and Mexicans after Mexicans scale them, and jump down into the pit inside, hundreds and hundreds of them, to be met with bullets and then by bayonet-thrusts, and at last with desperate swinging of the butt, until the little band grows smaller and weaker, and is driven up and about and beaten down and stamped beneath the weight of overwhelming and unending numbers. They die fighting on their knees, backing up desperately as they are beaten and pinned down by a dozen bayonets, Bowie leaning on his elbow and shooting from his cot, Crockett fighting like a panther in the angle of the church wall, and Travis with his back against the wall to the west. The 172 men who had held 4000 men at bay for two sleepless weeks are swept away as a dam goes that has held back a flood, and the Mexicans open the church doors from the inside and let in their comrades and the sunshine that shows them horrid heaps of 522 dead Mexicans, and 500 more wounded.

There are no wounded among the Texans; of the one hundred and seventy-two who were in the Alamo there are one hundred and seventy-two dead.

With an example like this to follow, it was not difficult to gain the independence of Texas, and whenever Sam Houston rode before his men, crying, "Remember the Alamo!" the battle was already half won.

It was not a cry wholly of revenge, I like to think. It was rather the holding up of the cross to the crusaders, and crying, "By this sign we conquer." It was a watchword to remind men of those who had suffered and died that their cause might live.

And so, when one leaves Texas, one forgets the little things that may have tried one's patience and understanding there, one forgives the desolation of the Southwest, its cactus and dying cattle, one forgets the dinners in the middle of the day and the people's passing taste in literature, and one remembers only the Alamo.

THE HURRY DEMON OF CHATHAM SQUARE BRIDGE.

When it strides a bank of fog, up through which come a jingle of bells, a grinding of wheels, a babble of voices, and little puffs of smoke and steam, it seems more like the bridge of a steamer afloat than it does like anything on land. So close is the resemblance, in fact, that it seems surprising that some one of the wandering-witted creatures whom the police and the newspapers call "cranks" has not before now rushed upon it from the deck of either of the elevated railroad stations which it connects, and pulled an imaginary four bells for Manhattan Island and "to go ahead fast" down the upper bay.

There is one good reason why such a demonstration has never been seen or heard on Chatham Square bridge, and that is because the place is possessed of the demon of hurry. It is precisely the opposite of that other bridge at Coventry, where Tennyson waited for the train, where he "hung with grooms and porters," and "shaped the legend of the ancient city thus." No one ever loiters there. In fact, as soon as those who have to cross it from the Second to the Third Avenue line, or *vice versa*, set eyes on it, the demon of hurry takes possession of his or her heels, and be he or she a leather merchant *en route* for his place of business in the odorous Swamp, or a South Brooklyn matron with a step-ladder row of little South-Brooklynites to look after, or an office-boy whose arrival is somewhat overdue in some corner of one of the big buildings down about William and Wall streets, each man or woman rushes up the steps and across the bridge as if it were a place where human life could not exist for the space of more than a quarter of a second.

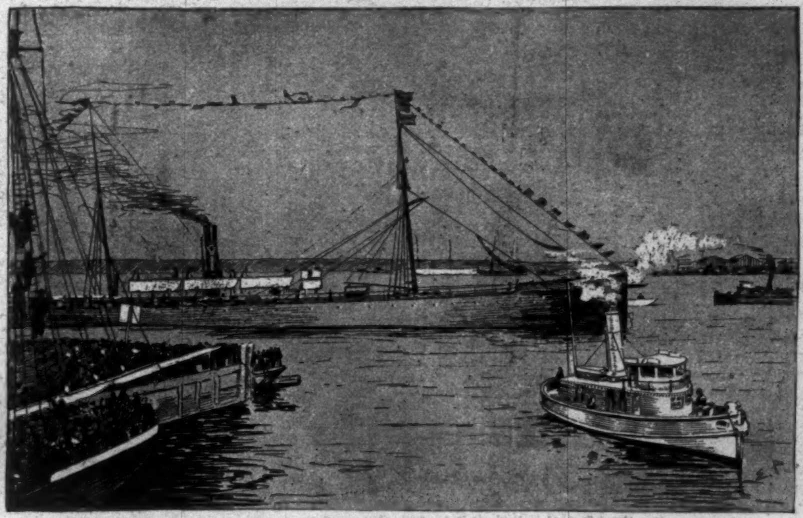
It is a curious phenomenon this which marks the bridge as the one place in all this hurrying island where people hurry most. Yet it is easily explained. It is not the sight of the bridge itself, but the sight of the train at the further end of it which puts the demon of hurry in possession of the heels of the passenger. The track of each road is plainly observable from the car windows of the other. If you had watched each of the passengers before he left the train, you would have seen that each had an eye glued to a misty pane, straining to see if the Second or Third Avenue train, as the case might be, were waiting at the other station. If it is, the rush begins to board it before the gates are closed—an operation requiring a good deal of sprinting ability, for the bridge is

neither low nor short. If it is not, the rush is just as much in order, for then one may get a seat in the train when it does come.

Though the hurry devil is thus easily accounted for, go we a little further back for his genesis, and we wonder all the more at his existence. The man who thus deranges his circulation and does his best to invalidate his life-insurance policy—for he may some day fall dead in the bridge steeple-chase, and the companies will then contend that he concealed his heart-disease in making his application—will, after he has rushed up town, dawdle at his club, or if he has no club, perchance in the birthplace of all clubs, a tavern, until he is late for dinner. The woman who lands her family of children on the thither side of the bridge with their little hats and tippets in a terrible muss probably kept her dearest friend standing for half an hour in a draught at the door while she thought of "just one more thing" *ad infinitum* before saying good-by. The rushing for trains seen everywhere where there is a train about Manhattan Island, and particularly at the Chatham Square bridge, is no sign of time-saving. It is simply a New York infection, the dominant germ of which is a desire not "to be left," which is aroused to active life by the sight of anything moving away or preparing to move away from the person in whose consciousness the desire germ slumbers.

The hurry demon is not so busy at Chatham Square bridge as he was a few years ago. Then, when the Third Avenue line ran no trains to and from South Ferry, and only "shuttle" trains ran from Chatham Square to the City Hall, thousands of passengers executed daily that curious quick-step over the span above the tracks between the stations. Now, unless one desires to leave the Second for the Third Avenue line on the journey up town, or if, having come down Second Avenue, he desires to go to the City Hall or Brooklyn Bridge, there is no necessity for using the bridge. But hundreds use it daily still, and it is the hurry demon that prevents them from standing still a moment and observing the swarming Bowery life beneath them, the curious shapes that flit at dusk in and out of the Chinese quarters in the elbow of Doyer Street, the singular apparition of the domes and towers of the big newspaper buildings far down at the end of Chatham Street, that seem of a foggy night to float in the air, the sentinel-like lines of lamps that stretch arow far up East Broadway, the crippled beggars, the overstocked newsboy, the penny oyster man by his camphene lamp—these and a hundred other sights of east-side life are what the hurry demon robs the passengers of when he possesses their heels and spurs them over the bridge at Chatham Square.

DUDLEY EMERSON.



THE "INDIANA" LEAVING PHILADELPHIA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

FOOD FOR STARVING RUSSIA.

BY T. BLYNN.

AN animated scene attended the departure of the Russian relief ship *Indiana* from the Washington Avenue wharf, Philadelphia, on the afternoon of February 22d. For hours the crowds had been gathering at the wharves until every foot of space was taken, and every dock within sight of the *Indiana* was black with people. They stood wherever they could gain a footing; they closely packed themselves on the roofs and on the rigging of the surrounding vessels, and yelled and cheered and waved their hats and handkerchiefs as the *Indiana* floated down the stream. For five miles down the river the vessel received an ovation. At the boat-houses impromptu salutes were fired, and when the police tugs *Stokley* and *King*, containing the Mayor's party and the newspaper men, left the *Indiana*, ten miles down the stream, the officers and crew gave three cheers and a tiger, and the hull of the great ship was soon lost to view.

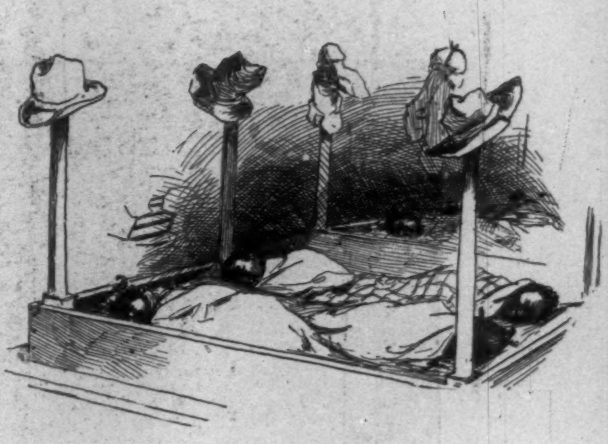
The exercises which preceded the sailing were as remarkable as the enthusiasm with which they were received, for side by side on the same rostrum sat Roman Catholic Archbishop Ryan and Jewish Rabbi Jastrow, Protestant Episcopal Bishop Whitaker and Methodist Episcopal Bishop Foss, Presbyterian divine Dr. Wood and Baptist divine Dr. Wayland—all united by one bond of sympathy, and all eloquent in the cause of charity. As the American and Russian flags floated side by side on the *Indiana's* masts, so were the national airs of the two countries sung one after another. It was a strange sight on Washington's birthday—the Russian national anthem sung by Americans in a Philadelphia emigrant wharf, with an American crowd trying to join in the chorus; while a crowd of Russian refugees outside the gates of the shed tried to join in the chorus of the "Star-spangled Banner." Such was the "sailing of the *Indiana*."

The messenger of aid to a starving people took out with her 29,000 sacks and 300 barrels of flour. She also carried a car-load of lumber, sacks of coffee, sugar, hams, potatoes, and other provisions, candles, and other luxuries—for candles are not only luxuries but delicacies to Russian peasants—and numerous small useful articles. Her cargo is valued at $79,000, all of which is insured. The vessel itself is Philadelphia built, and was contributed free, with her crew, by her Philadelphia owners, Peter Wright & Sons, of the International Navigation Company.

Her crew of 62 men is commanded by Captain Sargent, of the *Ohio*, who started General Grant in the *Indiana* on his tour of the world, and who has commanded three other famine-relief ships. He hopes to reach Libau, Russia, by March 6th.

BOUND FOR LIBERIA.

UPON Sunday morning, February 21st, a policeman patrolling his beat in West Street, in this city, was astonished by a strange spectacle—a group of about 200 colored people gathered upon the sidewalk in the rain, who announced that they were going to Liberia. They comprised men, women, and children, evidently from the rural regions of the South, clad, some in primitive Sunday garb, others in coarse patched plantation clothing. This assemblage proved to be a band of emigrants from near Muldrow Station, 25 miles northwest of Fort Smith, in the lands of the Cherokee nation. On the afternoon of the same day another party of 34 negroes from Arkansas arrived in the city, bound for the same destination. With imaginations excited by articles extolling Liberia, which Bishop Turner had written to the negro Methodist papers, and by literature which the American Colonization Society, with headquarters in Washington, had sent to the Southern negroes, they were ready to credit other reports, false and greatly overdrawn, upon the same topic. These imaginative tales, magnified by repetition, have inspired in the negroes of many Southern communities the belief that, once arrived at New York, they would be transported to Liberia free; that upon reaching that country each man would get a bounty of $50, with an allotment of good land; and that all emigrants would be provided with subsistence for the first six months.



A FOUR-POSTER.

Misled by such reports, these negroes had been induced to sell their farms, farming tools, and live-stock at the best prices they could get, and with such household goods as they could well carry along, secure emigrant transportation to New York, where they landed penniless—a charge upon the charitable of the city. Compassionate people took the helpless waifs in hand, and, after much shifting about, they at last found food and shelter at the Stephen Merritt Mission at No. 208 Eighth Avenue. Here they were fed and protected until the next Friday, when, by orders of the Board of Health, they were dispersed to different lodgings about the city.

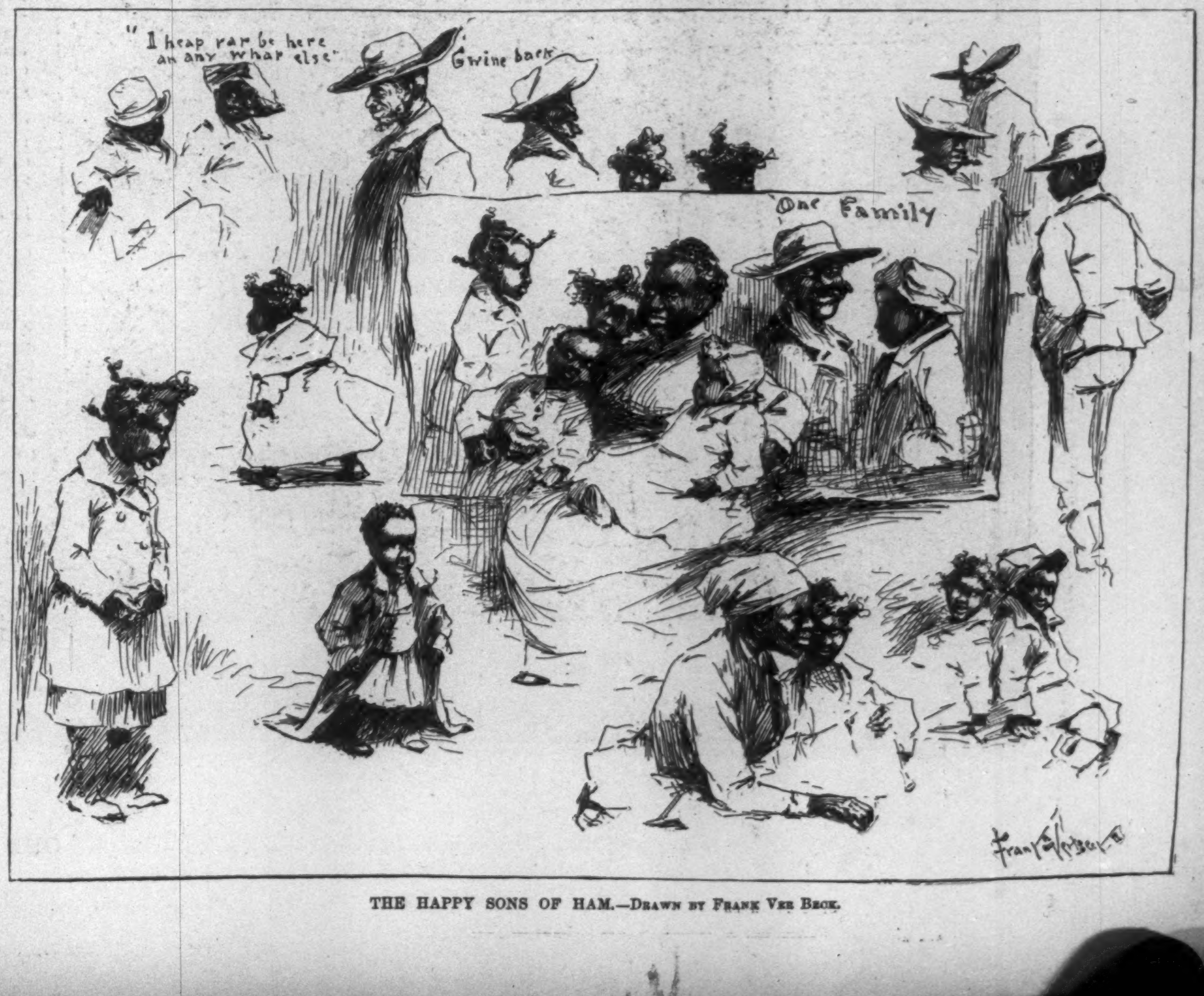
The only means of transportation to Liberia is by means of a small trading and passenger bark which sails from New York to Monrovia two or three times a year. It can properly carry only about 40 adult passengers, the list of which is usually filled to the full capacity of the vessel in advance of its sailing. The statement of this fact to negroes who have taken the trouble to inquire, however, has produced no evident effect in preventing their flocking to New York, inspired with the simple faith that if once they reach this city, they will be cared for somehow, and sent on to Africa.

This unreasonable exodus, unlike that which thirteen years ago precipitated thousands of Southern negroes upon Kansas, does not appear to be brought about by the complaint of unfair usage among employers in the South. It is rather a pleasing delusion spread among a credulous people that Liberia is a "land flowing with milk and honey," in which one may live luxuriously with little work. To have seen this destitute yet light-hearted people crowded together in the Merritt Mission, bewildered at the bustle of the great city about them, yet contented and merry under the protection that charity has afforded, is to be impressed with the fact of their utter unfitness to be colonists in a new country. With the extreme unhealthfulness of Liberia, the time and labor required to clear the soil for cultivation, the low rate of wages, and the absence in such emigrants of habits of self-reliance, the lot of those who should go there without a useful trade and money would be indeed deplorable.

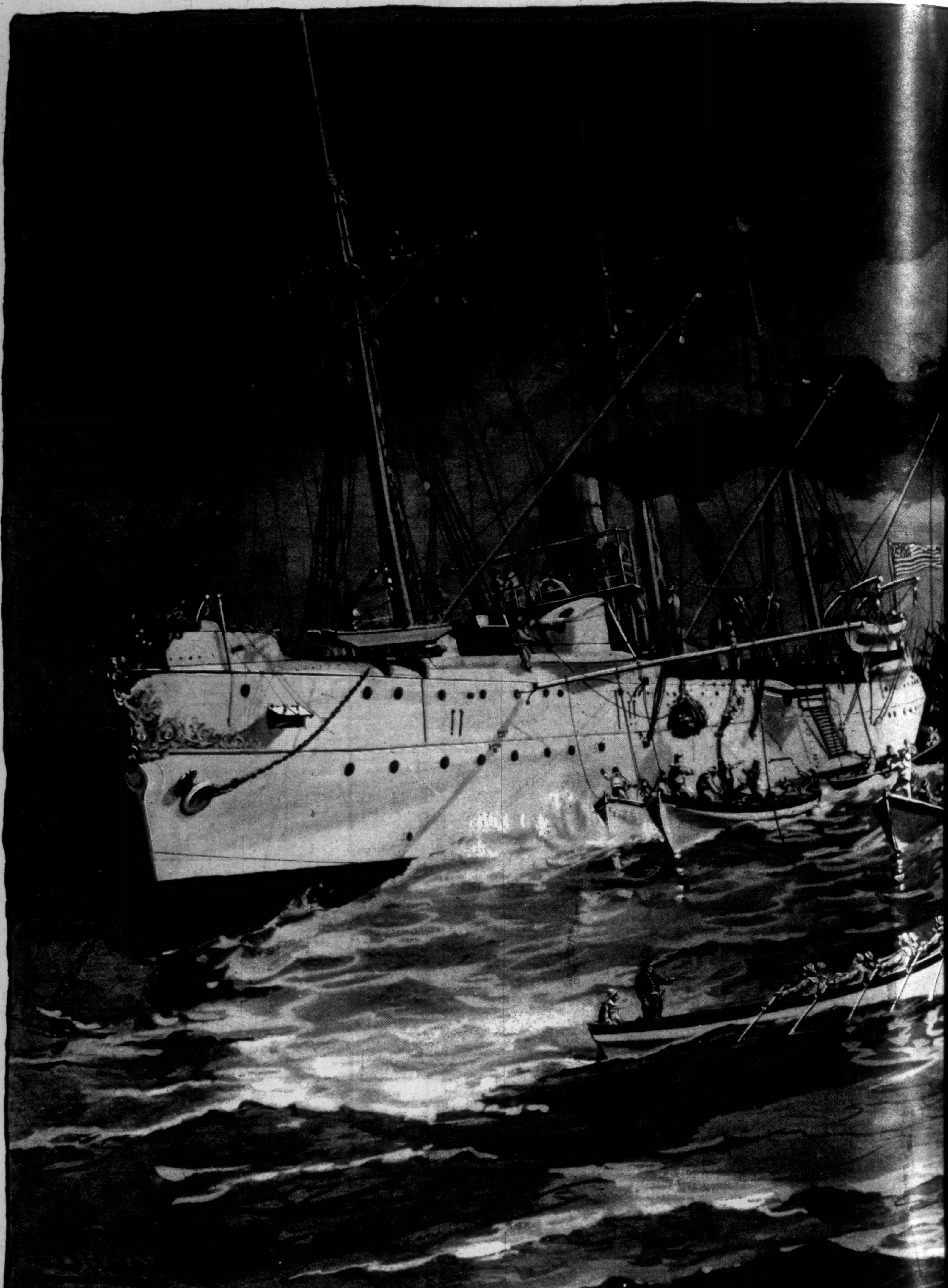
Various plans have been proposed to provide for those negroes now arrived in the city, one of which is the raising of a fund to send them onward to Liberia. This course has various objections, not the least of which would be its tendency to induce many others of their race in the South to attempt the same emigration equally unprepared for the undertaking, with the result of the loss of a valuable working element to that section, and its introduction as a public charge in New York. For those already arrived, it is probable that a sufficient fund will be raised to send back to the locality from whence they came such as desire to return, and efforts made to secure employment here for those who choose to remain.

Prompt action in the direction of checking this migration will benefit, most of all, the hapless people deluded by false reports; and the best opinion among the most intelligent of their own people inclines to such a course. To send back to their homes all who may arrive without resources for African colonization, with the diffusion of correct information through all the newspapers and church organizations of this race, will serve best to counteract the influence of unscrupulous agents seeking commissions from railroads, or desiring to dispossess the negroes from valuable lands.

CLARENCE PULLEN.



THE HAPPY SONS OF HAM.—DRAWN BY FRANK VER BECK.



OUR WAR VESSELS COALING IN A FOREIG

HARBOR.—Drawn by M. J. Burns.—[See Page 234.]

CARDINAL MERMILLOD.

CARDINAL GASPARD MERMILLOD died at Berne, Switzerland, on February 23d, and in him the Roman Catholic Church loses an earnest worker and a worthy representative. He was born in 1824 at Carouge, a place near Geneva, and at an early age began his theological studies, being ordained priest in 1846. His first post was as parish priest, under Abbé Dunoyer, in the Diocese of Geneva. Active, strong, possessing magnetic power as an orator, his force was at once recognized, and he was sent by his superior on a mission through Europe to collect funds for the building of a new cathedral in Geneva. The mighty edifice that now stands in the Protestant city of Switzerland is a lasting memorial of his success. The reward for his zeal was given at the hands of Pius IX., who consecrated him Bishop of Hebron and Coadjutor of Lausanne and Geneva. The fervor of the new Bishop was distasteful to the Protestants, and the civil authorities were aroused. The superiors at Rome, however, looked with delight upon the excitement that was created by the zeal and eloquence of Bishop Mermillod, and in 1873 the Pope made him Vicar Apostolic of Geneva. A new office was thus created, and the government of Switzerland objected. Active steps were at once taken by the Council of State, and the Bishop was exiled from his native land. This act of the state was followed by years of trouble to the Church in Geneva, during which time many priests were imprisoned, while others were sent to share the exile of their Bishop. During this period of trial the exiled Bishop became widely known throughout many parts of Europe, and was received with honors at the pontifical court at Rome. In 1879, when Pope Leo XIII. had been elevated to the head of the Church, Bishop Marilley died. He had been previously shorn of some powers in order to make way for Bishop Mermillod and his new office, and the Pope took advantage to appoint Bishop Mermillod to the vacant see, thus destroying the office that was offensive to the state. After this negotiations with the government were entered into, and the Bishop was allowed to return to Geneva. He was afterwards created Cardinal by the Pope.

The life of Cardinal Mermillod has always been of the highest. While in Rome his habits were of the simplest, although his dignity has always been upheld as Prince of the Roman Church. His death will be a great loss to the Church at large, and his position as Bishop of Lausanne and Geneva, which he retained until his death, will be difficult to fill. Cardinal Mermillod leaves many sermons and addresses which are noted for their force and power.

WALTER CAMP.

THE sincerest tribute that can be paid the Father of American Football, that other name which has been affectionately bestowed on Walter Camp, is that during the sixteen years he has been identified with college athletics, six as an active participant, and the last ten as coach, adviser, and writer, his efforts have been ever directed towards placing sport on a healthier and better plane.

"Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go lose or conquer as you can,
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman."

As player, Walter Camp followed this precept; as coach, he insisted on its observance; with pen, he has advised its universal acceptance.

It is characteristic of the man that, outside of his intimates, really very little is known of him, save in the general way of his being Yale's athletic mentor. The faces of seven men out of ten occupying a similar position would be familiar to newspaper readers from Maine to California; their lives from earliest boyhood would have been presented with appropriate rhetorical flourish; and the public, when vouchsafed a view, would recognize them as old acquaintances.

Walter Camp treads the gridiron field on the days of the two great football events of the year—the days which bear testimony to his expert coaching (the match at Springfield with Harvard and the one in New York on Thanksgiving day with Princeton)—a stranger to the forty thousand spectators that have come to do homage to the game his skill has popularized—unknown to all, save here and there an enthusiast who has had the father of the game pointed out to him, and the mass of Yale men that chant his praises in college doggerel.

Nor is the modesty which makes Walter Camp an inconspicuous figure on Thanksgiving day assumed. Few would recognize the great coacher in the quiet, observant figure standing on the side lines of the Yale field during practice and making mental memoranda. If you mingle with the groups of watching undergraduates, you will hear more advice in ten minutes than Mr. Camp gives during the afternoon; but when the play is at an end, he gathers those candidates together, and in a serious talk of a few moments tells each his failing, points out the inevitable result, and suggesting a remedy, walks off the field, probably quietly chatting with the captain. There is no wild gesticulation or Fourth-of-July oratory in Mr. Camp's coaching; he has a very quiet, earnest demeanor, but, to borrow from the apt slang of the day, he "gets there just the same." And that reminds me of a very good story I heard a few days ago, illustrating the effectiveness of Mr. Camp's quiet methods. Not so many years ago, probably a half dozen (I shall give neither dates nor names, and they will not be necessary to the recognition of the occurrence by many college men), at one of the annual football meetings, a movement was afoot for the passing of certain rules, etc., that would work somewhat to the annoyance, though immaterially so, of Yale. A number of the smaller colleges were represented, and the delegates for the proposed innovation were in the majority. As previously arranged, all these met in —— the night before the day of meeting, an exchange of confidences followed, a regular plan of action was decided upon, and all retired, fairly hugging themselves in very ecstasy over the prospect of getting ahead of the "great Walter Camp." The scheme was, among other things, that the meeting should be called the next morning promptly at 10 30, and if Mr. Camp, who was the chairman, did not put in an appearance on the minute, another chairman would be elected, and the

WALTER CAMP.

new rules railroaded through in quick order. Well, the next morning came, and all the delegates were assembled by 9.30, eagerly watching the clock for 10.30, and each one breathing defiance. For three-quarters of an hour there was an incessant rattle of complimentary exchanges, supplementary ammunition to the first gun that was to be fired at Yale's delegate. As the clock hands travelled the last five minutes of the half-hour, there was a good bit of whistling to keep up courage, and finally, as 10.30 rang out, all realized that the supreme moment had come for throwing off the yoke, etc., etc., etc.,—but no one got upon his feet or uttered a word. It is impossible to depict the faces of the delegates as they sat there, knowing the time they had longed for and planned for had at last arrived, and not one of them with nerve enough to get up and make the proposed motion. Nothing short of an instantaneous photo-

AMATEUR SPORT

IN JUSTICE TO YALE, it is only fair to say that later investigation at New Haven proves that remarkable editorial in the *News*, on which comment was made in this column, to have been the lucubration of a retiring editor of the board, and to by no means represent the opinion of either the board of editors of that paper or the university sentiment. It seems this editor had wearied of the humdrum of reportorial duty, and wished to give his readers something beyond the perfunctory editorial tonic ere his identity became lost among the mass of undergraduates. It is needless to add he succeeded, probably beyond his expectations.

YALE AND HARVARD have finally settled on two baseball dates—June 23d at Cambridge, and June 28th at New Haven. The acceptance of this, Harvard's third proposition at the recent conference, shows at least the right spirit on Yale's part, and proves that they did want to play baseball. Further investigation, by-the-way, of what occurred at that Springfield conference rather shows that Yale was not in quite so arbitrary a mood as Harvard had given us to believe. They claim to have been ready and willing to discuss other dates than those proposed, and that Harvard, outside of the propositions she made, was really without authority to act. However, be that as it may, the matter is settled now, and this statement is made only to present the sides of both colleges.

THE DIFFICULTY IN CHOOSING dates was greatly increased by the fact that a game at Cambridge and New Haven on Class and Commencement days respectively was a *sine qua non* on which both were agreed. Coming so close together—the first on Thursday, and the second on the following Tuesday—there was no room for a game between them even if desired, while the undesirability of a later date was apparent to all. It would be very unsatisfactory if the series of two games ended in a tie. Another year, if the objection continues to a series of three games, with the first on neutral ground, the only course left would be to go back to the old arrangement of four games, which was not a good one at best, and made the season too long. The baseball schedule, as now finally settled on between the three colleges, gives Princeton and Harvard May 7th at Princeton, May 30th at Cambridge, June 4th in New York; Princeton and Yale May 21st at New Haven, June 11th at Princeton, and June 18th, whether tie or not, in New York; Yale and Harvard June 23d at Cambridge, June 28th at New Haven. Both Harvard and Yale, therefore, will have plenty of tuning-up before they meet.

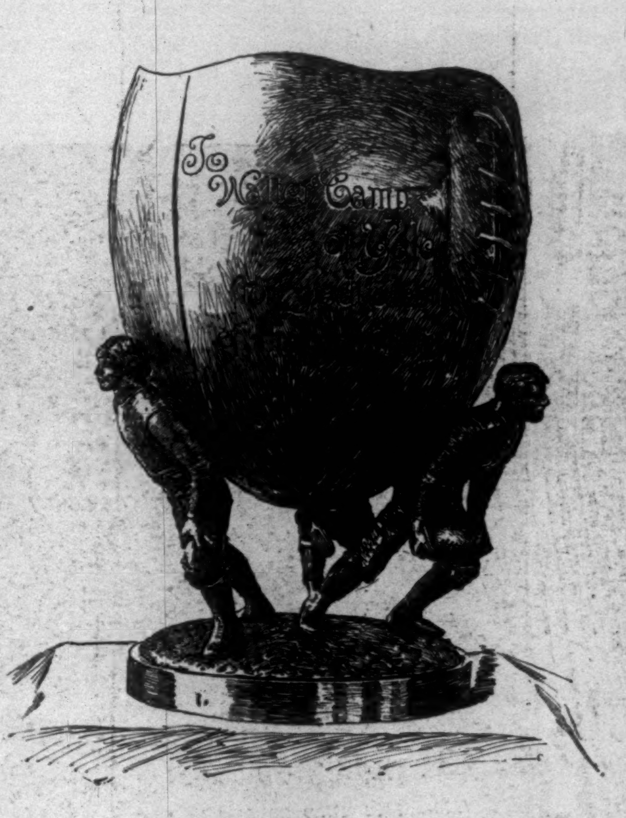
BEFORE LEAVING THIS BASEBALL controversy, which has finally become settled by an arrangement of games, it will be quite opportune to speak of the tendency developing in college circles to rush into print with all manner of grievances, contracts, conferences, etc. Harvard has been a notable offender in this direction. There have been one or two occasions when her private letters on athletic matters to Yale or Princeton have been read in the daily newspapers before the receipt of the letters themselves. At a very important conference with Yale last year, the matter was immediately given to the papers, and this recent baseball conference went to the newspapers almost immediately after it closed. Harvard, or any other college, may justly reply that whether or not she rushes into print is her business, but the fact remains that it is bad policy and questionable sportsmanship. It is certain to excite comment, and possibly criticism, from those who, although ignorant of the facts, make a stagger at their conception nevertheless. Not infrequently "interviews," real and those that find their origin in the fanciful reportorial imagination, lead to strained relations that require endless explanation to straighten. Why not settle differences first and rush into print afterwards?

HARVARD-PRINCETON FOOTBALL dates for '92 have not yet been settled upon. When they are, it is not at all unlikely that we shall see a game here in New York, but not on Thanksgiving day. There has been some delay, and there will be still further delay, in arriving at a settlement on this subject, because it carries along with it the adjustment of several other matters of equal importance, and in the present harmonious relations between the three universities no step will be taken likely to create discord. The feeling among the *alumni* of Harvard-Princeton-Yale in this city is the pleasantest and most satisfactory probably it has ever been. It is worth while to cultivate such a feeling. And that calls to mind the fact that the University Athletic Club is destined to do a great work in kindling and keeping alive this harmony. With *alumni* of all colleges represented in its Council, and its membership reaching out among the undergraduates far and near, there will be a bond of fellowship welded that is not to be severed by differences over a two-game or three-game series of baseball. I doubt if the average college man realizes the possibilities of this University Athletic Club. It takes more than a cursory thought to appreciate its significance.

RETURNING TO PRINCETON—it is not likely she is going to accept Harvard's proposal to play football here in New York on next Thanksgiving day, because that would create at once a breach between all three. At the same time every one recognizes the justice in Harvard having a game in New York. We of this metropolis must not lay the flattering unction to our souls, however, that Harvard has become enamored of our gay streets and plethoric purses; it is not that she loves us less, but her pride more—she does not wish to play second fiddle, as she considers she will be doing by not having equal opportunities for meeting either Yale or Princeton here on Thanksgiving day. As suggested in this column not long ago, one way to bring about such a result is by Harvard, Yale, and Princeton meeting and arranging dates by which the winner of the Yale-Princeton game will play Harvard on Thanksgiving day every other year. But that arrangement does not suit all, and as Harvard declares she will not come into the Association, what is to be done?

PRINCETON IS JUST NOW considering a proposition from Harvard for a three-year baseball contract, which she would be extremely foolish to accept without adding to it one covering football also. It is not unlikely, in fact, that Princeton may conclude to tack on a three-year agreement in football on any days in the season except the Springfield date and Thanksgiving day, and present that to Harvard; or agree to a three-year baseball arrangement provided Harvard will come into the Football Association, in which case Princeton would do what she could to have her get on a Thanksgiving-day game. Supposing Harvard wants the Association dissolved—it probably won't be, but assume it is, for sake of argument; Harvard, Yale, Princeton, University of Pennsylvania, and others have a series of games, one with the other; the present rules must be observed, Yale won't play Harvard under one set of rules, or with a set of rules having but one change from those under which she plays Princeton; consequently the rules won't change. In time new rules would be necessary, and representatives from each of the colleges would meet to form them. Now whether or no such a meeting was called an association, it would be an association in fact none the less, whatever name it might have.

THE TENDENCY SEEMS TO BE towards colleges making contracts for a term of years, but they must all play under one and the same set of rules, and those rules must be amended and increased from time to time. Hence I am more of the opinion than I have ever been that the Association—some association, whether this or a better one—is a necessary institution. And what makes me the stronger in this belief is because of the growing interest throughout the country in the game, and the necessity, for the prosperity of the sport, of having a mother body to which the constantly forming college teams West and South may come for instruction and precedent. And while on the subject, there should be some supervision over the various associations, that the teams East and West may be certain to play under the same conditions. The day is coming when an Eastern and a Western team will meet, and it would be unfortunate indeed if they were educated on different lines. To be sure, now the same general rules prevail, but the game is growing so rapidly and the interests of the country are so widely separated, it is very easy for different rules to spring into existence. The interest in football has increased to such an extent that it looks as if the prosperity and purity of the game demanded some guiding hand



THE WALTER CAMP LOVING-CUP.

graph could do them justice. To cut the story short, they waited, and time sped until at 11.05 Walter Camp appeared. Even then there were unexpressed hopes in the breasts of the conspirators that, when the meeting was called to order, some one of them would find courage to speak, but they were doomed to disappointment. Mr. Camp opened the meeting, asked if there were any motions, gave up the chair while he quietly made suggestions for future work and amendments to present rules, talked and advised while the delegates passed on his motions, and not even a murmur of discontent was heard.

Although best known for his work on the football field, Mr. Camp has also an enviable record in baseball; he was captain of his Freshman nine, and filled left field and short stop until he was graduated in '80 with the highest batting average in the Intercollegiate Association. In '81 he was again elected captain, but not believing in graduates captaining undergraduate teams, he resigned in favor of Walter I. Badger. A little baseball story of Camp will not go amiss here: In '82 he had gone to Longwood (near Boston) to see a tennis match, and to be on hand for the Harvard-Yale baseball game. Yale's regular pitcher, Jones, being unable to go into the box, in the extremity Camp was prevailed upon to take his place. As he was entirely unknown as a pitcher, there was considerable good-natured banter between the men on both sides. Mr. Camp pitched nine innings, and two hits only were made off him in the entire game.

But it is in football, after all, that he has become famous. Entering Yale in '76, he made the 'varsity, and for six years—as captain in '78 and '79—played at half back, never during that entire time leaving the field on account of injury or for any other cause, which goes to show, by-the-way, that a man can play football with comparative safety. He weighed in training 170 pounds, and stood 5 feet 11½ inches in height.

It is difficult for any one outside of the university to appreciate just how near to Yale's athletic interests Walter Camp is. There are other graduates who have done much for the *alma mater*. Where, for instance, is there a son of old Yale more warmly loved, more sincerely respected, than George A. Adee? Bob Cook's inestimable work for the crews we have conned over and again; but Walter Camp lives at New Haven, he is a familiar figure on the campus, his finger is always on Yale's athletic pulse, and his eye is forever open to her best interests. No college in this country has the advantage of such constant supervision. Is there, then, any wonder that the testimonial dinner of last Friday night, February 26th, should be recorded as the most sumptuous feast of reason and flow of soul in Yale's history? The loving-cup presented him, and shown in this issue of the WEEKLY, is the finest production of the silversmith's art. The cup, representing a football cut in half, is supported by three figures modelled from life—McClung, the greatest ground-gaining half back of the time, is just about to punt the ball down the field; Winter has it tucked under his arm, and is off for a run; while the third figure is Heffelfinger, the greatest guard that ever put on a canvas jacket, shown in the familiar pose, awaiting the ball to be put in play before he dashes forward and hurls his 203 pounds of muscle and bone at the apex of the opposing V.

The dinner was likewise made the occasion for giving the victorious football team—J. A. Hartwell, F. A. Hinkey, A. H. Wallis, W. C. Winter, W. W. Heffelfinger, S. N. Morison, G. F. Sanford, F. E. Barbour, L. J. Bliss, V. C. McCormick, J. L. McClung; and the substitutes, C. D. Bliss, H. S. Graves, P. T. Stillman, B. L. Crosby, and J. Cochran—an ovation and souvenir football match-boxes, and of expressing gratitude for the work of the young graduate coaches, Messrs. W. C. Rhoades, W. T. Bull, H. H. Knapp, A. A. Stagg, W. H. Corbin, and A. H. Wallis, who devoted much of their time to the team last fall.

The speakers of the evening were: Chauncey M. Depew, '56; Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, '59; Professor E. L. Richards, '60; Richard Winthrop, '62; Isaac H. Bromley, '53; William A. Stiles, '59; A. P. Wilder, '84; D. W. Richards, '80; T. L. McClung, '92. The management of the entire affair—dinner, cup, and surprise—was in the hands of a committee composed of Judge Henry E. Howland, '56, chairman; O. T. Bannard, '76; F. A. Stokes, '79; Charles D. Ingersoll, '64; Hon. W. C. Whitney, Buchanan Winthrop, Hart Lyman, George A. Adee, Macgrave Coxe, and Hon. W. W. Skiddy. They fulfilled their duties ably.

Blue only in the profuse decorations, it was a happy, joyous night last Friday in that ballroom of the Madison Square Garden, with tables laden with violets, smilax, and lilies, and surrounded by reminiscent sons of Yale from nearly every year since '53—all boys once again; all united in singing the glories of old Yale and of the guest of the evening, Walter Camp.

C. W. W.

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to direct its course now in its period of susceptibility.

WHILE DISMAL REPORTS of Harvard's crew are finding their way into print, Captain Hartwell, of Yale, reads them with grim humor, and wishes heartily that he might trade his eight men for those now at work in the tank at Cambridge. For this once at least, if never before, Yale has not exaggerated a very great deal the present condition of her boating outlook. The material on hand is not of the best, in fact it is the most mediocre lot of candidates Yale has had in many a year. But then it should be remembered that this is very early in the season to count on results, and certainly too early to get discouraged. A lot of work can be accomplished between now and the last of June, and a poor oar may become a good one. The most discouraging feature of the present Yale crew candidates is that all of them have rowed, most of them are oarsmen of some experience, and yet they fail to show form equal to that experience. Moreover just now the prospect for coaches is not bright. It looks as if neither Rogers nor Stevenson, the old stand-bys, would be able to give much if any attention until the last few weeks of the season, and that means a great deal. However, the crew for some little time will not suffer in Hartwell's hands, though of course he cannot coach and row at the same time, and when he does take his seat, Ives does the coaching, and in his turn loses just so much valuable blade work.

THE MEN ARE NOW ROWING—stroke, Howland, '94, 170; 7, Ives, '93, 178; 6, Paine, '94, 190; 5, Gallaudet, '93, 172; 4, Chatfield, '93, 189; 3, Van Huyck, '93, 173; 2, Balliett, '92, 169; bow, Rogers, '93, 150; and these, together with Kinney, Messler, and Graves, will go to the training tank. The crew will average lighter than last year, but, so far as that goes, it will be no disadvantage. Of these new men probably Van Huyck is the most promising; he rowed on the '90 Freshman crew, and captained last year's eight; he is well put together and strong, and although he does not row with much snap, there is some hope for him. Howland will stand a lot of improvement; he doesn't look as though he could stand hard work. Ives is the one hope of the crew, outside Captain Hartwell, of course; he is a good oar, and if he is able to row, will look after his position in the best form. Paine is big and strong and clumsy; he doesn't seem to row any better than he did last year. Chatfield was at stroke for a while, and was moved back to No. 4, where he will probably stay until Hartwell takes his seat; he is an experiment just now; seems rather bright, and willing to learn.

BALLIETT IS JUST AS SLOW to get on his power as ever; he is probably certain of his seat, and though not an ideal 2, is a good man, and strong as an ox. Rogers comes of a rowing family, and shows it in his work; he is a pretty light man, and it remains to be seen how he can stand the work. Kinney is an average candidate, and Messler is the football player, strong and well built, but he has not given any evidence of rowing ability thus far. It really is not fair to form any opinion of the men now, for they are seen at great disadvantage. How they show up in a couple of weeks will come nearer telling the story. With all the discouraging elements that have surrounded him, Captain Hartwell has had at least one staff to lean on—he has got his men on the water earlier than any crew for years. Nearly all during February the weather has permitted of rowing in the harbor. We may see the benefits of this later.

THE ANNUAL BENCH SHOW OF THE Westminster Kennel Club, held last week at Madison Square Garden, was the most successful of its sixteen, and altogether the most notable event of its kind ever held in the United States. There were not so many entries by several hundred as last year, because of the weeding incidental to an increased entrance fee, but the general quality was infinitely better. The management of the show could not have been better, for which Mr. Thomas H. Terry, the club's secretary, and James Mortimer, the superintendent, were largely responsible. The judging was most efficient and thorough, and disgruntled ones, except among the owners of the useless pet dogs done up in ribbons, silver bangles, and other decorations *ad nauseam*, were unusually scarce. The attendance for the four days was upwards of 27,000, the record by a considerable number. The absence of puppies in all classes save the Fox-terriers was noticeable; the Fox-terrier classes were quite the feature of the show in both number and quality. They won a great victory for the American-bred dog, when August Belmont's Blemton Victor II. easily captured first in the challenge class, and his kennels won also the team and best brace prizes. J. E. Thayer's Dona won the challenge bitch prize by being in best condition.

THE ST. BERNARD CLASS showed some individual specimens quite equal to any to be found, but as a class generally, although improved in quality over last year, it does not keep pace with some of the other breeds. The New York Kennels secured the prize for the best kennels. Kingston Regent, also of these kennels, won the challenge dog class, while Lady Livingston, E. H. Moore, easily headed the bitches. In the open class for dogs, Sir Bedivere, Wyoming Kennels, although not in the form of last year, had a walk over; the showing of bitches was not so good, though Princess Florence, which took first, is a grand animal. The puppy classes did not amount to much. In the challenge smooth-coated bitches Empress of Contoocook was the only entry, and a magnificent animal she is; there were no entries in the challenge dog class. Most of the entries in the open class for dogs were American bred, and were therefore the more interesting. Leicester, D. P. Foster, won, although Melrose, E. H. Moore, was the pick of many, and is certainly very close to him, if not his equal. Charmian, Henry Schierloh, won the bitch class. The Mastiff class was not so well represented, there were no challenge entries, and but one of last year's champion class put in an appearance. J. L. Winchell's Beaufort's Black Prince was easily the winner in the open class for dogs, while Duchess won the same honor in the bitches, a class rather poorly represented. The Pointer class showed all qualities and gave substantial evidence of its improvement; for instance, there were some very fine animals and some rather mediocre, but the class was well filled and interesting. Lad of Kent, George Jarvis, won the challenge dogs, 55 pounds and over; and Revel III., Charles Heath, the bitch class. In the open for dogs, not an especially good class, Duke of Dexter, Strebor Kennels, won, while Woolton Game, Hempstead Farm Kennels, secured bitch class. Duke of Hessen, Hempstead Farm Kennels, and Rosa May, J. P. Cartwright, won the challenge class under 55 pounds. In the open class Inspiration, J. H. Winslow, and Lady Gay Spanker, T. G. Davey, won, and the latter also secured prize for best kennel.

THE SETTER CLASSES were well filled, and the quality of entries very good. The English Setter classes recorded the fall of popular idols when neither Cincinnatus nor Toledo Blade received a prize. It proved also the progress we are making in breeding up. A few years ago these two were unbeatable. In the challenge class, Edgemark (F. S. Brown) and Princess Beatrice (Rockingham Kennels) were first respectively. In the open class, Hopes Mark and Gossip, Blue Ridge Kennels, were the winners; the former was not in good condition, and some questioned the decision; the bitch showed up finely. The challenge class of the Irish Setters was rather small, only four competing; Tim and Laura B., Seminole Kennels, won. In open classes, Duke Elcho (Oak Grove Kennels) and Norna (S. H. Price) secured first prize. The filling of the Gordon Setter classes must have pleased those who cling persistently to this type of field dog. James B. Blossom's Beaumont and Heather Bee won the challenge classes. In the open classes, Heather York (J. B. Blossom) and Mrs. J. E. Dager's Janet secured first.

THE COLLIES SHOWED UP nicely, quality much ahead of last year. Roslyn Wilkes, Seminole Kennels, secured the challenge class, although not in the best of form, having arrived from England a few days before. This dog has won 300 first prizes and 78 specials in the three years he has been shown. Metchley Surprise, same kennels, won bitch class and also the open classes with The Squire and Jakyr Dean. The Beagles were not so good; Roy K, Rockland Kennels, won over Frank Forest, the recent $1000 importation, in the challenge class, as did Lou for the Glenrose Kennels. In open classes the Rockland Kennels were first winners with the Rambler and Emeline. The Cocker Spaniel classes were well filled; Cherry Boy, C. G. Browning, and I Say won the challenge, and Fascination and Amazement the open classes. In Clumbers, Mercer & Middleton's Boss III., and Lady Bromine were unbeatable. Neither the Greyhounds nor the Great Danes were particularly good; the classes were fairly well filled, but the quality ordinary; while the showing of the Poodles and others of the pet variety was as good, and in some respects better, than usual. The Bulldogs were quite the best ever exhibited here, Bo'swain and The Graven Image winning challenge classes, Stanley and Carrie heavy-weight, and King Lud and Saleni the light-weight classes. The Bull Terriers were also a fine lot, Prince Bendigo and Enterprise, Streatham Monarch and Edgewood Fancy, being the winners. In the Irish Terriers, Mr. W. J. Comstock made a sweep with Dunmurry, Boxer II., and Hanover Boy winning challenge bitch, special for best terrier in show, and best brace. Breda Bill, of Chestnut Hill Kennels, secured challenge class for dogs. The only criticism to be made on the management was its failure to tag dogs in the judging ring, so that spectators could identify them. It detracted much from the usual interest shown in the competition.

THE TUG-OF-WAR has finally been dropped from college competitive athletics. The Intercollegiate Association held its annual meeting Saturday, and decided to abandon the senseless game, and to substitute the safety for the ordinary bicycle events—two very wise resolutions. The following officers were elected: President, Peter Vredenburgh, of Princeton; Vice-President, F. H. Lee, of the University of Pennsylvania; Secretary, Allen K. White, of Swarthmore; Treasurer, E. B. Kattie, of Cornell. Executive Committee, Thornton Earl, of the College of the City of New York; J. S. Cook, of Harvard; J. W. Hutchinson, Jun., of the University of New York; and W. B. Wright, of Yale.

IT IS INTERESTING in glancing back over the athletic season of '91 to make a record of the athletes who attained the greatest excellence, so far as gaining points, in the several events. The Amateur Athletic Union Committee on Prizes has made the following awards: Championship meetings of the A.A.U.—J. S. Mitchell, N.Y.A.C., 14 points; G. M. Hammond, N.Y.A.C.; L. H. Cary, M.A.C.; T. P. Conneff; C. A. J. Queckberner, M.A.C.—each scoring 10 points, and consequently tying for second and third places. Championship meetings of A.A.U. and its several associations—Running: L. H. Cary, M.A.C., and T. P. Conneff, M.A.C., a tie, each scoring 10 points. Walking: C. L. Nicoll, M.A.C., 16 points. Hurdling: A. F. Copland, M.A.C., 15 points. Bicycling: W. F. Murphy, N.Y.A.C., and C. M. Murphy, N.Y.A.C., a tie, each scoring 5 points. Jumping: A. Nickerson, N.Y.A.C., C. S. Reber, Pastime A.C., St. Louis, Missouri, and T. Luce, Detroit A.C., a tie, each scoring 10 points. Heavy weights: J. S. Mitchell, N.Y.A.C., 25 points.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

THE CONGRESSIONAL VISIT TO CHICAGO—IN THE WOMAN'S BUILDING.—AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. D. ARNOLD.—[SEE PAGE 229.]

CONGRESS IN CHICAGO.

When the present session of Congress opened, the appropriation of $5,000,000 needed to make the Columbian Exposition a success was in great jeopardy. The amount, in the first place, was unprecedented; the management of the Philadelphia Exposition, which was paid for almost entirely out of Pennsylvania pockets, having only asked a loan, not an appropriation, of $1,500,000, every cent of which was paid back. In the next place, the one point on which the unwieldy majority of the present House was united was economy, a unison which it signalized shortly after assembling by a niggardly refusal to lend a government vessel for the purpose of carrying food to the starving inhabitants of Russia. Moreover, the Speaker had recognized this feeling by appointing to the chairmanship of the Appropriation Committee an honorable member whose monomania for retrenchment had removed his statesmanship from the consideration of serious-minded people. Besides all this, the childish resentment or sulky apathy exhibited by a large number of the supposed representatives of public opinion in New York showed that the rejection of the claims of the metropolis as a site for the big show was still a factor to be reckoned upon by Chicago in its efforts to obtain the grant of the colossal subsidy upon which the success of the fair depended.

In view of these depressing facts, the announcement was made from Washington that the plan had been abandoned, that Chicago would go on and finish her own fair. This may not have been an authorized announcement. If it were not, it was a happy coincidence, and the managers were wise to leave it uncontradicted. All enmity was at once disarmed. The bill, which never would have got out of committee had it been presented, was supposed to have died a natural death, and the salutary maxim of *dè mortuis* was the rule of conduct for its opponents.

But a change has come. Since Washington's birthday voices have been heard from Washington which were the same voices as before, to be sure, but which were attuned to new music. Those who had before said that Chicago had promised to pay for her fair and must be kept to her pledge, began to think or at least to express the opinion that the fair was not a Chicago fair, but a national one; that Chicago was really asking nothing for herself, but simply pointing out a duty to the whole country. It was a mighty change that had come—a change that almost looked like prestidigitation. What wrought it?

Wily Chicago had taken Congress literally into camp, packed it into four special trains, rolled it over the Alleghanies in parlor cars, wined it, dined it, and set it out in the middle of Jackson Park to observe the need of the $5,000,000, and then wined it and dined it again, and rolled it back to Washington. It was the introduction of the Aldermanic junket in the national Legislature on a scale never before dreamed of. How much observation of the fair there was, and how much junket, may be gathered from the schedule:

Friday and Saturday *en route* in such luxurious fashion that, as one of the Congressmen expressed it, "we took no note of the time"; reception by Mayor Washburne; reception by Mr. and Mrs. Potter Palmer.

Sunday, rest from fatigues of trip and preparation for fatigues of inspection.

Monday, inspection of exposition grounds; lunch at Washington Park Club House; colonial tea at Art Institute; banquets at Union League and Commercial clubs.

Tuesday, Congressmen got off by the pious fraud of informing them that their train was to leave at 8.30 when it really left at 9. The Chicago *Tribune* sagely remarked that this was a wise precaution, as "Congressmen are hard to get up after banquets."

How much the Congressmen learned—which they might not have learned in Washington—from their trip in open cars through Jackson Park, and their stop in the Woman's Building, where the gentlemanly Mr. Burnham, Chief of Construction, gave them a short lecture on the needs of the fair, with the aid of an enormous map and a pointer, does not appear. The Chicago papers are non-committal on the subject, the most light being shed by the *Tribune*, which relates that "after the visitors had recovered from the shock of the information that it took seven car-loads of nails to hold down the floors of the Manufacturing and Liberal Arts Building, they were ready for their train." It is certain, however, that no reception by the Mayor or by Mr. and Mrs. Potter Palmer, no luncheon at the Washington Park Club House, no colonial tea at the Art Institute, no banquets at the Union League and Commercial clubs would have been theirs had they remained at the capital.

Every Chicago effort is titantic, but this plan of transporting a national Legislature over a thousand miles, gorging it to repletion for three days, until it has to be cajoled out of bed to go home, all for the purpose of giving it a flying trip through a park and a half-hour's lecture is an achievement unparalleled in the history both of Western towns and parliamentary governments. It is to be lamented that none of the leaders of the two parties attended. Doubtless Messrs. Crisp and Holman, Reed and Lodge, Sherman and Carlisle, were slaves to antiquated precedent, and not being able to realize the presence of Adams or Jefferson, Webster or Calhoun, Sumner or Douglas, on such an expedition, lost much good eating and drinking through their narrow-mindedness. The unshackled representatives of the Farmers' Alliance, Messrs. Peffer and Simpson, were, however, in attendance.

It was a great stroke, and Chicago is entitled to great credit for it. Whether as much can be said of Congress, or those Congressmen who may change their votes on account of the trip, is another question. It is unthinkable that any serious reason for or against the voting of a $5,000,000 bounty could have been presented in any such manner as that adopted.

A. E. Watrous.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN,

No matter how widely at variance on other points, concede to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters sovereign potency in case of malaria. This is the universal testimony from all classes. Chills and fever, intermittent, dumb ague and ague cake invariably succumb to it. So do dyspepsia, la grippe, constipation, biliousness, rheumatism, and kidney trouble. Emigrants to and sojourners in malarious regions should provide themselves with this genial means of protection.—[*Adv.*]

A NOVEL AND AGREEABLE REMEDY FOR GRIPPE, INFLUENZA, AND COLDS.

A Well-known New-Yorker, who has successfully evaded the grippe throughout the winter, said to a friend the other day: "I have discovered a novel remedy for winter colds and for influenza, and grippe itself. Whenever I feel the crawling, creeping sensation that precedes a cold or a chill, I hasten home and have a very hot cup of Armour's beef tea prepared. I have the cup itself hot, and the tea boiling and not too strong. I sip this slowly, eating a bit of dry toast or a dry cracker with it if I feel like it. Within half an hour the crawling, creeping sensation is gone, and the cold, influenza, or grippe is knocked out. I never go home at night after the theatre or an entertainment when I feel the slightest chill that I do not take a cup of Armour's beef tea. It is the cheapest, most effective and agreeable remedy that I have in the house. Several of my friends have tried it, and all have had the same delightful experience."—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

FOR COUGHS, SORE THROAT, ASTHMA, Catarrh, and diseases of the Bronchial Tubes, no better remedy can be found than "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Sold everywhere, 25 cents.—[*Adv.*]

Burnett's Cocoaine.—A perfect dressing for the hair. The Cocoaine holds in a liquid form a large proportion of deodorized Cocoanut Oil, prepared expressly for this purpose.—[*Adv.*]

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DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

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Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are invariably acknowledged the purest and the best.—[*Adv.*]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

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"Best & Goes Farthest."

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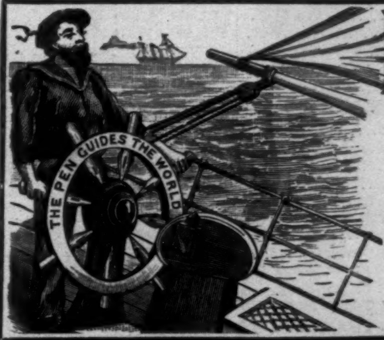

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Insist upon having them from your dealer.

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FORTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

New York Life Insurance Co.

Office: 346 & 348 Broadway, New York.

JANUARY 1, 1892.

ASSETS.

Real Estate	$12,428,247.15
Stocks and Bonds	77,647,663.40
Bonds and Mortgages	21,406,233.56
Loans secured by collaterals	4,551,000.00
Premium Loans	521,700.28
Cash in Office and in Banks and Trust Companies	6,070,942.27
Interest and Rents due and accrued	565,037.81
Net amount of uncollected and deferred premiums	2,756,466.34
Total Assets	**$125,947,290.81**

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, or Value of outstanding Policies	109,428,156.00
Other Liabilities	1,378,111.50
Total Liabilities	**$110,806,267.50**
Surplus, being the same amount which will be shown to be the Company's Surplus by the Annual Report of the New York State Insurance Department as of December 31, 1891	**$15,141,023.31**

INCOME.

Total Premium Income	26,256,275.40
Interest, Rents, etc.	5,597,919.58
Total Income	**$31,854,194,98**

DISBURSEMENTS.

Losses paid		$6,087,620.70
Endowments paid		1,066,795.11
Annuities, Dividends, Surrender Values, etc.		5,517,075.07
Total paid policy-holders	$12,671,490.88	
Commissions		3,918,142.69
Agency Expenses, Physicians' Fees, Advertising and Printing		1,550,614.28
Taxes, Salaries, and other expenses		1,317,842.05
Total Disbursements		**$19,458,089.90**

Number of Policies issued during 1891, 52,746. New Insurance, $152,664,982.
Total number of Policies in force January 1, 1892, 193,452. Amount at Risk, $614,824,713.

JOHN A. McCALL, President.

HENRY TUCK, Vice-President.
ARCHIBALD H. WELCH, 2d Vice-President.
GEORGE W. PERKINS, 3d Vice-President.
RUFUS W. WEEKS, Actuary.
A. HUNTINGTON, M.D., Medical Director.
CHARLES C. WHITNEY, Secretary.
HORACE C. RICHARDSON, Ass't Actuary.
EDMUND C. STANTON, Cashier.

TRUSTEES.

WILLIAM H. APPLETON, C. C. BALDWIN, WILLIAM H. BEERS, WILLIAM A. BOOTH, W. F. BUCKLEY, JOHN CLAFLIN, CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD, EDWARD N. GIBBS, W. B. HORNBLOWER, WOODBURY LANGDON, WALTER H. LEWIS, H. C. MORTIMER, RICHARD MUSER, EDMUND D. RANDOLPH, JOHN N. STEARNS, WM. L. STRONG, HENRY TUCK, A. H. WELCH, WM. C. WHITNEY.

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"Brilliant" Poppy,	15c.
6 Rare Chrysanthemums, Each 50c.;	Set $2.50
6 Choice Geraniums, Each 25c.;	Set $1.00
Dwarf Calliopsis "Golden King,"	20c.
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Tulip-flowered Poppy,	25c.
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Sweet Corn "Golden Nugget,"	15c.
XXX Potato "American Wonder," 1 lb.	30c.
New 40-lb. Oat, Given for trial.	

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Rochester, N. Y.

Mention where you saw this.

ANNUAL STATEMENT

EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31st, 1891.

ASSETS.

Bond and Mortgages	$26,339,321.32
Real Estate, including the Equitable Buildings and purchases under foreclosure of mortgages	18,976,621.92
United States Stocks, State Stocks, City Stocks, and other investments	59,702,665.27
Loans secured by Bonds and Stocks (Market Value, $10,626,163.00)	8,418,500.00
Real Estate outside the State of New York, including purchases under foreclosure	12,226,996.32
Cash in Bank and in transit (since received and invested)	5,006,328.52
Interest and Rents due and accrued, Deferred Premiums, and other Securities	5,528,085.03
Total Assets, December 31, 1891	$136,198,518.38

We hereby certify, that after a personal examination of the securities and accounts described in the foregoing statement, we find the same to be true and correct as stated.

Thomas D. Jordan, Comptroller. Francis W. Jackson, Auditor.

LIABILITIES.

Total Liabilities, including the Reserve on all existing Policies (4 per cent. Standard) and a Special Reserve (toward the Establishment of a 3½ per cent. valuation) of $1,500,000	$109,905,537.82
Total Undivided Surplus	$26,292,980.56

We certify to the correctness of the above calculation of the reserve and surplus. From this surplus the usual dividends will be made.

Geo. W. Phillips, J. G. Van Cise, Actuaries.

INCOME.

Premiums	$33,126,349.56
Interest, Rents, etc	5,928,594.29
	$39,054,943.85

DISBURSEMENTS.

Claims by Death and Matured Endowments	$9,848,716.84
Dividends, Surrender Values, Annuities, and Discounted Endowments	4,951,979.53
Total Paid Policy-Holders	$14,800,696.37
Commissions, Advertising, Postage, and Exchange	4,397,821.83
General Expenses, State, County, and City Taxes	3,768,566.93
	$22,967,085.13

New Assurance written in 1891	$233,118,331.00
Total Outstanding Assurance	804,894,557.00

HENRY B. HYDE, President.

JAMES W. ALEXANDER, Vice-Pres't.

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We claim an inspection and trial will prove it **THE MOST DURABLE IN ALIGNMENT AND EASIEST RUNNING. ALL TYPE CLEANED IN TEN SECONDS WITHOUT SOILING THE HANDS.** *Send for Illustrated Catalogue before purchasing.*

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LA VELOUTINE FAY

Special Poudre de Riz

Prepared with bismuth by *CH. FAY*, Perfumer, 9, r. de la Paix, Paris

USE NONE OTHER

Caution. — None Genuine but those bearing the word « FRANCE » and the signature CH. FAY.

45 sold in '88
2,288 sold in '89
6,268 sold in '90
20,049 sold in '91
60,000 will be sold in '92

A Steel Windmill and Steel Tower every 3 minutes. ☞ **These figures tell the story of the ever-growing, ever-going, everlasting Steel Aermotor. Where one goes others follow, and we "take the country."** Though sold, we were unable to make all of the 20,049 Aermotors in '91. Orders often waited 8 weeks to be filled, but now we have vastly increased our plant and are prepared promptly to plant our increase in every habitable portion of the globe.

Are you curious to know how the **Aermotor Co.** in the 4th year of its existence, came to make **many times as many windmills as all other makers combined?** How we came to originate the Steel Wheel, the Steel Fixed Tower, the Steel Tilting Tower?

1st. We commenced in a field in which there had been no *improvement for 25 years*, and in which there seemed no talent or ambition, and none has yet been shown except in *feeble* **imitation of our inventions.**

2d. Before commencing the manufacture, exhaustive scientific investigation and experiments were made by a skilled mechanical engineer, in which over 5,000 dynamometric tests were made on 61 different forms of wheels, propelled by artificial and therefore uniform wind, which settled definitely many questions relating to the proper speed of wheel, the best form, angle, curvature and amount of sail surface, the resistance of air to rotation, obstructions in the wheel, such as heavy wooden arms, obstructions before the wheel, as in the vaneless mill, and many other more abstruse, though not less important questions. **These investigations proved that the power of the best wind wheels could be doubled, and the AERMOTOR daily demonstrates it has been done.**

3d. To the liberal policy of the Aermotor Co., that guarantees its goods satisfactory or pays freight both ways, and to the enormous output of its factory which enables it to furnish the best article at less than the poorest is sold for. For '92 we furnish the **most perfect bearings** ever put in a windmill, and have made an **exhaustive revision of the Aermotor and Towers.**

If you want a strong, stiff, Steel **Fixed** Tower—or if you want the tower you don't have to climb (the Steel **Tilting** Tower) and the Wheel that runs when all others stand still that costs you less than wood and lasts ten times as long (The Steel Aermotor) or if you want a Geared Aermotor to churn, grind, cut feed, pump water, turn grindstone and saw wood, that does the work of 4 horses at the cost of one ($100), write for copiously illustrated printed matter, showing every conceivable phase of windmill construction and work, to the **AERMOTOR CO.** 12th and Rockwell Sts., Chicago, or 12 Main St., San Francisco.

GALVANIZED It is not enough to make portions of a wheel of galvanized metal. That leaves exposed edges and is not so good as painting. The Steel Aermotor and Steel Tower are now galvanized after being completed, thus **absolutely protected** from rust and decay.

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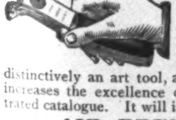

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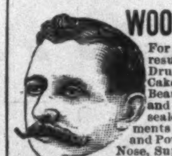

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WHITE HANDS.
Nothing will WHITEN and CLEAR the skin so quickly as
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$500 REWARD.—To assure the public of its merits we agree to forfeit Five Hundred Dollars cash, for any case of moth-patches, brown spots, liver spots, black-heads, ugly or muddy skin, unnatural redness, freckles, tan or any other cutaneous discolorations, (excepting birth-marks, scars, and those of a scrofulous nature) that Derma-Royale will not quickly remove and cure. We also agree to forfeit Five Hundred Dollars to any person whose skin can be injured in the slightest possible manner, or for any complexion (no matter in how bad condition it may be), that the use of Derma-Royale will not clear, whiten, improve and beautify.

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Price, $2.00. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.
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To advertise and quickly introduce Derma-Royale, 5,000 full size $2.00 bottles have been provided for free distribution, one of which will be sent, safely packed in patent wooden box, (securely sealed from observation), safe delivery guaranteed, to anyone sending us their post-office address and **ONE DOLLAR** to help pay for this advertisement, boxing and other expenses, and who after having been benefited, will mention Derma-Royale to their acquaintances. Send money by registered letter or money order to insure its safe delivery. Postage stamps received as cash. Correspondence sacredly private. Address
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AGENTS WANTED Send for terms / Sells on Sight **BIG PROFITS**
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Says: "All Salads based on Meat, Fish, Lobster or Potatoes are much improved by the addition of Armour's Extract of Beef, first diluted in a little boiling water." There are many ways of using Armour's Extract. Our little Cook Book explains several. Send for it.

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By DR. CYRUS EDSON.

The Anti-Slavery Conference.
THE BELGIAN MINISTER.

The Degeneration of Tammany.
BY THE HON. DORMAN B. EATON.

SPENDING PUBLIC MONEY.
I. THE HON. T. B. REED.
II. THE HON. W. S. HOLMAN, *Chairman of Appropriations Committee.*

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BY DIRECTOR-GENERAL G. R. DAVIS.

An International Monetary Conference.
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THE OLYMPIAN RELIGION—II.
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BY CAPTAIN JOHN CODMAN.

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BY WM. ELEROY CURTIS.

And other Articles.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, 3 EAST 14th ST., N. Y.

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once wrote:—"The very soul of cooking is the stock-pot, and the finest stock-pot is

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—THE SANITARY RECORD, LONDON, August 15, 1891.

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MEDITERRANEAN,

on March 12, April 2, April 16, May 7, May 28, June 18, July 2, July 23.

Travellers intending to visit the SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, ALGIERS, and EGYPT, will find this an excellent route, avoiding the North Atlantic.

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The First Analysts in the World pronounce it Pure Olive Oil.

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Highest Grade Imported. **RED HAND** Allsopp's Ale. Bottled by the Brewers in England
—*Sold Everywhere.*—
New York Branch, 92 Pearl St. E. L. ZELL, Agent.

THE MUTUAL LIFE Insurance Company of New York

RICHARD A. McCURDY, PRESIDENT.

Statement for the year ending December 31, 1891

Assets,	*$159,507,138 68*
Reserve on Policies (American Table 4%)	$146,968,322 00
Liabilities other than Reserve,	507,849 52
Surplus,	12,030,967 16
Receipts from all sources,	37,634,734 53
Payments to Policy-Holders,	18,755,711 86
Risks assumed and renewed, 194,470 policies,	607,171,801 00
Risks in force, 225,507 policies, amounting to	695,753,461 03

NOTE.—The above statement shows a large increase over the business of 1890 in amount at risk, new business assumed, payments to policy-holders, receipts, assets and surplus; and includes as risks assumed only the number and amount of policies actually issued and paid for in the accounts of the year.

THE ASSETS ARE INVESTED AS FOLLOWS:

Real Estate and Bond & Mortgage Loans,	$81,345,540 48
United States Bonds and other Securities,	57,661,455 78
Loans on Collateral Securities,	10,223,903 90
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest,	5,070,153 03
Interest accrued, Premiums Deferred, etc.,	5,206,085 49
	$159,507,138 68

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement and find the same to be correct.
A. N. WATERHOUSE, Auditor.

From the Surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

REPORT OF THE EXAMINING COMMITTEE.

Office of The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.
January 25, 1892.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of this Company, held on the 23d day of December, ultimo, the undersigned were appointed a Committee to examine the annual statement for the year ending December 31, 1891, and to verify the same by comparison with the assets of the Company.

The Committee have carefully performed the duty assigned to them, and hereby certify that the statement is in all particulars correct, and that the assets specified therein are in possession of the Company.

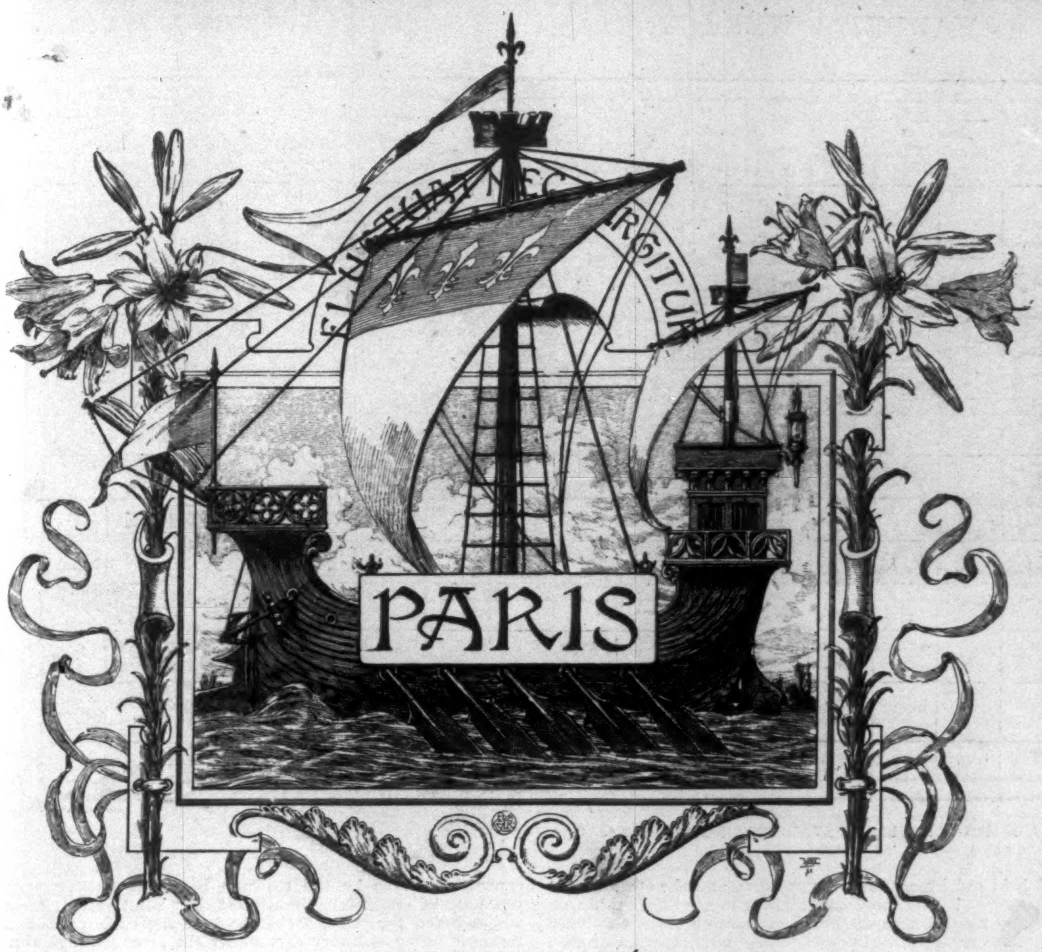
In making this certificate the Committee bear testimony to the high character of the investments of the Company and express their approbation of the system, order, and accuracy with which the accounts and vouchers have been kept, and the business in general is transacted.

H. C. VON POST, ROBERT SEWELL,
GEORGE BLISS, J. H. HERRICK,
JULIEN T. DAVIES, D. C. ROBINSON,
JAS. C. HOLDEN.

ROBERT A. GRANNISS, VICE-PRESIDENT.

WALTER R. GILLETTE, - General Manager.
FREDERIC CROMWELL, - - - Treasurer.
EMORY McCLINTOCK, - - - Actuary.

De Miel's Health Biscuit, advertised in "Harper's Magazine" for March, is the great English remedy.



BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

I.

I HAVE been asked to write twenty pages about Paris. This does not, I suppose, mean that I am to give in those twenty pages a general impression, however vague, of the monster city. I might as well be asked to put the ocean in a bottle.

I might, it is true, imitate Horace in the *École des Femmes* of Molière, who, when asked "What do you think of this town?" replied, with touching simplicity: "Numerous in citizens, superb in monuments, and marvellous in amusements."

But it is only classic genius which has the right to be thus brief.

Shall I be more romantic? Like Rastignac at Père la Chaise, with his feet in the mud of the humble grave in which Balzac's Père Goriot had just been buried, may not I also, as the towers, spires, and domes of the vast city emerge from the mists of the twilight, hurl forth the famous defiance: "*À nous deux maintenant!*" What prevents me from whistling, like Quasimodo on the towers of Notre Dame, or from leaning over some gurgoyle and indulging in a bird's-eye reverie, as I gaze upon the roofs whitened by the moonlight? This would give me a pretext for fine phrases and an opportunity for saying all there is to say, whether about inspiring or commonplace things.

But this, again, is certainly not what is expected of me. As every one knows, I am but an old Parisian lounger, a dreamer, who chooses for his solitary strolls the quietest quarters and the most melancholy suburbs. The perpetual rolling of carriages on the boulevards deafens me; the hubbub of voices issuing from the entrance to the Bourse paralyzes me. You may find it difficult to believe, but, although I have nearly reached my half-century, and have seldom left Paris before July, I never went to see the competition for the Grand Prix. To the noise and confusion of the great boulevards I prefer the extreme quiet of certain streets on the left bank of the Seine, where I can hear the caged canaries sing; and however lovely the Bois de Boulogne may be in its spring verdure, you are more likely to meet me in the winding paths of the old Jardin des Plantes, with its melancholy Judas-trees planted by Buffon.

You must not, therefore, hope that I shall describe to you the monuments or the luxuries of Paris. Artists of rare power are to strew these few pages of mine with illustrations, but they must not be supposed to have reference to my text. It is for them to represent some of the most thrilling incidents of life in the great city—such as the crowding of the speculators on the Bourse about the *corbeille*,[1] which resembles the rush of the hounds on the quarry, or of the Sunday crowds to the race-course. As for me, I have none but bitter and hostile criticism for either speculators or book-makers.

In Parisian slang, the word *boulevardier* means the young swell of the boulevards—a characteristic figure, of which the less I see the better I like it. His absence from the winding quays of the other side of the Seine is an additional reason for my preference for that unfashionable quarter, and it is a matter of great regret to me that this *boulevardier* should be so much in evidence amongst the crowds who flock to Paris from all quarters of the world. I would rather see foreigners congregating anywhere else than on our

[1] The *corbeille* is the reserved enclosure on the Bourse for the use of the brokers who meet there and fix the price of securities.—*Translator.*

A RASTAQUOÈRE.[1]

boulevards; but, alas! it is there we meet visitors from Russia and from Brazil, from the Great Sahara or from India, who, when they are back on the frozen steppes, the arid pampas, the dreary wastes of sand, or the torrid plains of their native lands, will yearn for Paris with a wasting nostalgia more destructive even than homesickness. Yes, that handsome sheik, strolling along

A PARISIAN.

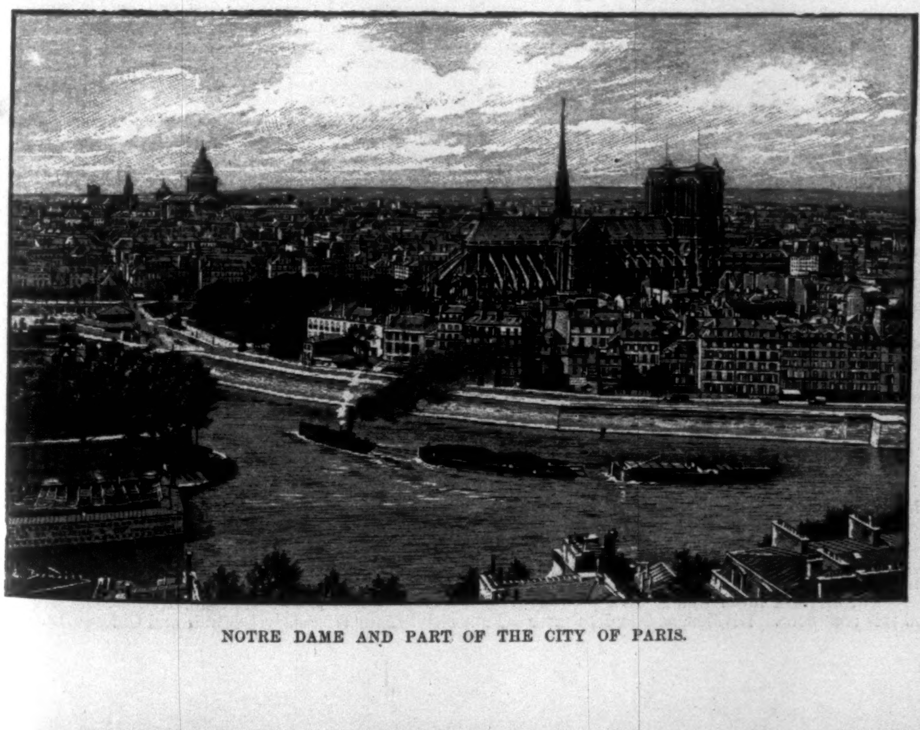
in his majestically draped burnous; that rajah, with eyes like black diamonds; that Celestial, decorated with the badge of a mandarin of the highest class, to whom petitioners dare not address a word without having first prostrated themselves before him—will, one and all, remember our boulevards with longing, convinced that Paris is the marvel of marvels, though of that marvel they know nothing but the restaurants and those who frequent them.

As a case in point, I may relate that last winter, in a café of Algiers, I met a sherif, a direct descendant from Fatima, the daughter of Mohammed, who had but to speak one word to bring together eight or ten thousand warriors, and the one ambition of this Arab of the close of the nineteenth century was to drink his absinthe in defiance of the Koran, and to recall his happy days in Paris!

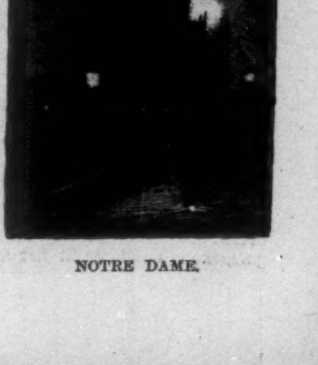
No, I am no lover of this side of Paris life—a side only too much encouraged by the Great Exhibition of a year or two ago. I am no advocate for these periodical fairs, which bring in large sums of money to the caterers for a vitiated appetite. I am not, per-

[1] *Rastaquouère* is a slang word meaning a foreigner who makes a great show of his wealth, and about whom no one knows anything.—*Translator.*

(*Continued on page 236.*)



NOTRE DAME AND PART OF THE CITY OF PARIS.



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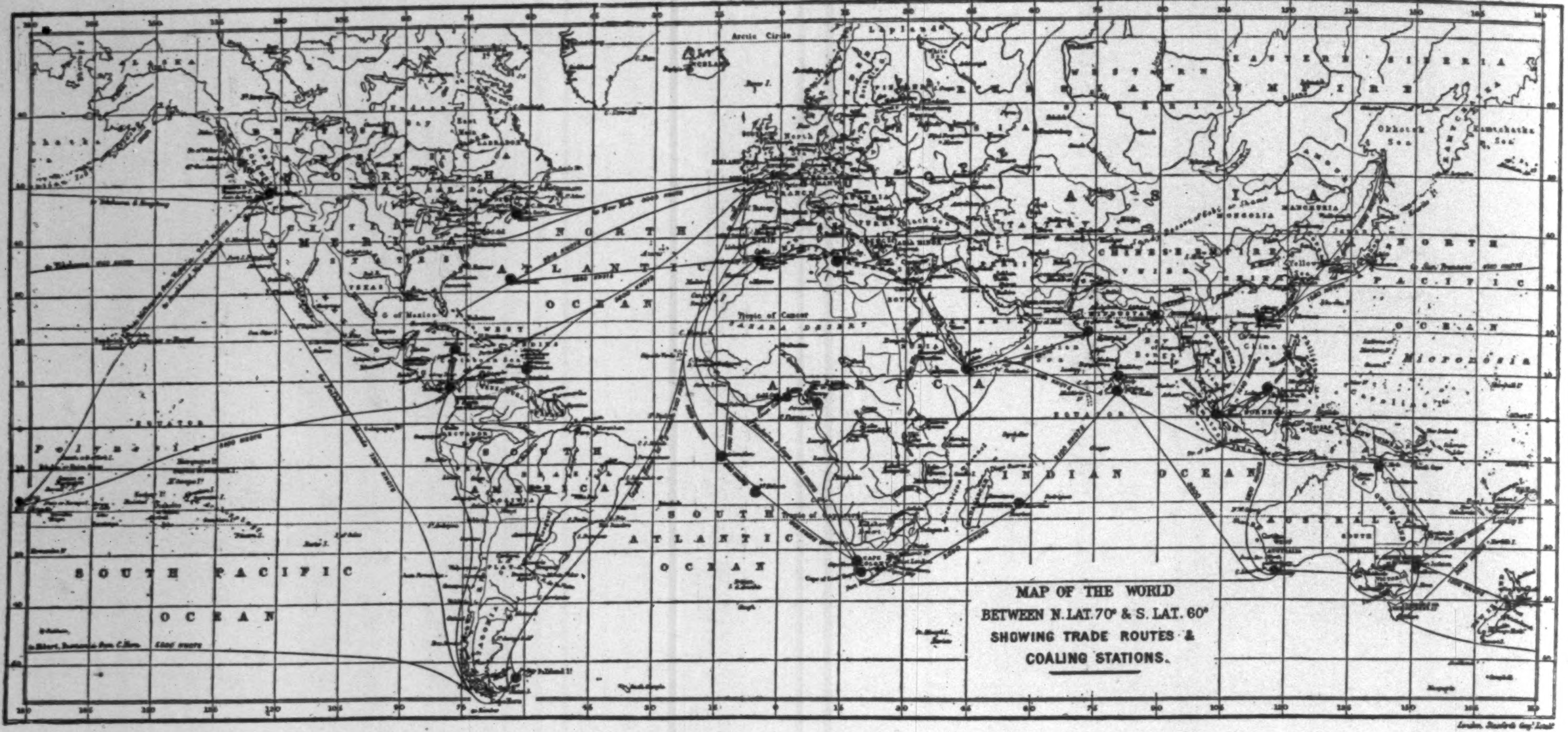


MAP OF ENGLISH NAVAL COALING STATIONS.

COALING A MAN-OF-WAR.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

On a war steamship the first question is one of coal. Having her fuel in sufficient quantity, then come all other potentialities. A supposititious case might be of this kind: a great ship has her sailing and fighting qualities at their maximum one day, and the next, wanting coal, becomes at best a floating fortress, or at worst a motionless hulk.

Taking it for granted that, with the rapid improvement in marine engines, for every pound of coal consumed additional speed is acquired, and that the economical side of the question has never been for an instant lost sight of, the demands for steam on board of a war ship are increasing, and not diminishing. All the power is not applied for the propelling of the ship. An extraordinary use is made of auxiliary engines, and, as a leading English authority states it, "this is a source of danger." There is an English war vessel of recent construction that has, in addition to her main engines, not less than fifty-eight auxiliary steam-engines on board. The health of the ship, efficiency of the crew, depends on ventilation. There must be distilling apparatus not alone for the use of the men, but for the main boilers. The dynamos require engines; and there are bilge, turning, reversing, steering, capstan, evaporating, fire, forced-draught, and many other engines—every one using its quota of steam, and demanding coal. All of these auxiliary engines may not be in use at one and the same time, but they may be. A modern fighting-ship is such a complex unit that if there were a single link in the whole chain that could not stand the strain, her efficiency would be seriously lessened. She must be prepared for all contingencies. This extra consumption of coal, amounting to a great many tons, is often overlooked as unworthy of consideration.

The public rarely hear of the annoyances officers in command of our war vessels are subjected to for want of coal, and of the many trying hours passed by engineers when the subject of coal on board is mooted. These troubles are beyond the powers of even as efficient a Secretary of the Navy as is Mr. Tracy to remedy; nor are officers or engineers the least at fault. If accidents happen to-day, when we are on a peace footing, how much more serious they might be if we were at war!

An incident which took place in the early summer of last year shows how one of our ships was crippled for want of coal. The *Philadelphia* had been stationed for four months in the West Indies. As will happen, there were cases of yellow fever in the ship. Replaced by another vessel, Admiral Gherardi's orders were to come home as speedily as possible, before the contagion had become fixed in the ship. At once, with what little coal there was, Jamaica was made, and it was hoped that the English government, having a coal depot at Kingston, would furnish the ship with enough coal to take her home. Not an ounce of coal was obtainable from the English government station. This action on the part of the English authorities might seem wanting in humanity, but, on general principles, it was correct. Her Majesty is not in the coaling business, and had the coal been furnished us, there would have been a bad precedent certain to engender national jealousies, for France or Germany or Spain might have made similar applications. Some very poor coal was furnished the ship by dealers, and we were glad to get it. With miserable fires and deficient steam pressure, the fine vessel slowly made her way home.

For her wants England has coaling stations all over the world, the greater part of these being along her trade routes. There are seven such stations at or near our Western continent, one at the Juan de Fuca Strait, and another at Tobago. There is no question but that there are other sources of supply at points on the west coast of South America where English shipping interests centre. On the Atlantic side there are five coaling stations—at Halifax, Bermuda, Jamaica, St. Lucia, and the Falkland Islands. The other twenty-five stations skirt the coast line of Africa and Asia. There is an important coal depot in one of the Feejee Islands. In the Mediterranean there are two—one at Gibraltar, the other at Malta; and at the entrance of the Red Sea there is a large coaling station at Aden. The map of the world which accompanies this article shows the exact positions of these English naval coaling stations.

When that terrific gale wrecked and stranded our ships off the Samoan Islands, the escape of the English vessel, the *Calliope*, was noted, and the fine seamanship of her commanding officer properly lauded. The *Calliope* faced the gale, though it brought her at times to a standstill. The coal held out longer than the cyclone, and she steamed out of danger. The *Calliope* could afford to use her coal lavishly. She knew where she could get more, for she was but a short distance from the Feejee Islands, and there at an English coaling depot she could fill up her bunkers. It would be unjust to say that our ships went to pieces because any one was at fault, but it may be seen how sudden are the demands made for coal.

To keep up a full supply of coal at all stations, the English government constantly replenishes the stock, sending the coal from England or Wales, and has chartered colliers always in her employ. As Lord Brassey wrote, "If England depends for her defence on her navy, such desired supremacy can only be secured by possessing adequate coaling stations."

As to the United States, there has been in the past no apparent necessity for coaling stations, for the simple reason that cases of emergency were rare. On our own Atlantic coast our facilities for accumulating coal for steamships are of the best; but we are forced to keep cruisers on the West India station, and there seems to be a necessity that there should be a coaling station some distance south or east of Florida.

On the Pacific coast our deficiencies are much more serious. We could accumulate coal at San Francisco, and with some difficulty at one or more points north of California, but the trouble becomes greater when stations are to be placed south of San Francisco.

In examining the English coaling stations on the northern Pacific coast, one on the Strait of Juan de Fuca is noticeable as affording marked advantages for the replenishing of their steam-vessels when cruising in these northern seas. To-day, when the fine quality of the coal in the State of Washington is a fixed fact, an American coaling station near the Strait of Juan de Fuca would be advisable, and at Anacortes, on Fidalgo Island, such a depot should be established. Such complications as may arise in the future might be lessened were we to know where in these latitudes a good and constant supply of fuel could be obtainable.

There can be no question but that our government does seek for coaling stations somewhere in the West Indies, and recently public attention has been called to the island of St. Thomas, Samana Bay, and Mole St. Nicolas, and the acquisition of some convenient water approach on the island of Haiti is within the possibilities. On the Pacific side of the S uth American coast the solution of this question of coaling becomes much more difficult. It is not likely that Ecuador would dispose of the Galapagos Islands, nor would Chili ever part with Juan Fernandez.

Want of acquaintance with some of the difficulties of coaling our men-of-war accounts for much that is sheer nonsense as, for instance, when one hears, "Send a big fleet to the west coast of South America."

When ship-constructors plan their war vessels to-day, they make use of a term, "the coal radius." Having determined how much coal can be carried—which is "the coaling capacity"—the calculation is made of what a vessel's steaming endurance would be. We will have afloat before very long war ships that with 1800 tons of coal, going at ten knots an hour, would work out 16,000 miles. We will have another vessel, carrying 2000 tons of coal, which has a calculated endurance of 109 days, and a radius of action of 26,240 knots. Such ships, exceptional of their kind, would have a distinct use, and be adapted for special work.

Mr. M. J. Burns's illustration shows our men-of-war receiving coal in a foreign harbor. Coal-loading on board of a war vessel is always slow work. The English naval authorities have timed such performances. A maximum, when there were some apparatus and a drilled crew, was 500 tons in twelve hours. But at sea—even in a harbor—100 tons in six hours was considered fair work. In one case only 62 tons were shipped in eleven hours. All depends on the weather. It is not alone a question of receiving coal on board of a man-of-war, but of putting it properly away.

LOCAL TRANSPORTATION AT THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

As the buildings for the Columbian Exposition progress towards completion, the question of transportation to and from the Fair and about the city itself becomes naturally a matter of great moment and importance. Topographically, Chicago presents greater obstacles towards a simple and comprehensive system of local rapid transit than possibly any great city on this continent. Divided, as it is, into three separate sections by the Chicago River, it presents such problems of engineering as almost defy solution. It must not be taken for granted that because the cable roads run trains of three ordinary cars under the river through tunnels at La Salle and Washington streets that the question of rapid transit has been satisfactorily settled. Far from it. In the early morning hours and at the close of business the traffic becomes just as much congested as it was before the present extension of the cable system went into operation, and the ever-familiar spectacle, apparently so dear to the American public, of the street cars packed to the doors, is an ever-recurring sight in the great city by the lake. As a result of this peculiar topographical division of the city, the street-car service is very complex. All traffic centres upon State Street, and no matter where the cars start from—the South, West, North, or Northwestern "Side"—they converge at State Street, between Water and Monroe streets.

Jackson Park, where the bulk of the Fair is to be held, is situated almost at the southernmost point of the city and on the South Side. The Fair ground takes up the whole of the park and all of the land up to the lake front. It is therefore deprived absolutely, under existing conditions, of one continuous route of transportation to either the North or West Side, in which sections live fully one-half the city's entire population. It is true the different street-car lines meet or cross each other at various points, forming, in many instances, a connected but not continuous route; and as they belong to different corporations, it means an additional fare every time the passenger changes to seek the end of his journey. The Fair not being held for the rich man alone, to the average visitor this question of car fare will cut quite an important figure. To the father of a family who wishes to visit the exposition, and living on the North or West Side, let us suppose with two children—a small average, by-the-way—as he must take at least two different street-car lines, it would cost each one of this family excursion party twenty cents the round trip! And with the perplexing division of the present street-car service, the stranger would inevitably be obliged, through mistakes, to spend more. The cure of this undoubted evil is a system of exchange tickets and passes, such as has been in operation in Philadelphia for years, and to a lesser extent employed by the Broadway road in this city. It would seem at first glance that twenty cents a round trip is little enough for an excursion of this importance, but at Philadelphia six different street-car lines carried their passengers direct to the gates for a single fare, and had the exposition come to New York, the same result would have been accomplished by means of the elevated system and various street cars leading to the proposed site.

Chicago virtually has promised to do all any other city could accomplish. I therefore hope and expect to see a radical change brought about in this street-car system, which, so far as the Fair is concerned, is chaos. Of course that portion of Chicago's citizens residing upon the South Side are not inconvenienced by this question, but as they belong largely to the richer class they are not so deeply interested as are their less-favored brethren in the other sections of the "Windy City." Besides this, there is at present but *one line of cars that runs direct or quite close to the Fair site*. This is the Cottage Grove Avenue cable line, which is part of the Wabash Avenue system. The State Street line also runs within a short distance of it. But these roads now have twice as much traffic as they can handle, and will be utterly unable to assist materially in the Fair transportation. Chicago is undoubtedly the greatest railroad centre in the world. No less than twenty-two great railroads meet there; this enumeration does not, of course, include the innumerable subdivisions of these great corporations. Of these, the Chicago and Alton; Pittsburg, Fort Wayne, and Chicago; Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul; Chicago, St. Louis, and Pittsburg; Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy; Chicago, Evanston, and Lake Superior, unite for their passenger service in one depot on the West Side. The Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific; Lake Shore and Michigan Southern; New York, Chicago, and St. Louis, use the Van Buren Street Station, within a few minutes' walk of the Board of Trade; this is on the South Side, and the heart of the business interests of the city. The Chicago and Grand Trunk; Chicago and Eastern Illinois; Wabash, Chicago, and Atlantic; Louisville, New Albany, and Chicago; Chicago, Santa Fe, and California, occupy the Dearborn Station on Polk Street, which is also the Chicago terminal of the Erie system. The Baltimore and Ohio; Chicago, Detroit, and Niagara Falls Short Line; Wisconsin Central; and Chicago, St. Paul,

and Kansas City—use in common a station of their own. Chicago and Northwestern has a passenger station of its own on the North Side.

The Lake Street Station is occupied by the Illinois Central, and also by the Michigan Central and Kankakee lines. It is this ramshackle old building, a half-burned relic of the great fire, out of which the entire transportation by steam roads to and from the Fair grounds must proceed. The Michigan Central and Kankakee roads both branch off before reaching Jackson Park, whereas the Illinois Central continues on through Hyde Park, and skirts Jackson Park on its western face, the lake being to the east. This condition of affairs gives the Illinois Central absolute control of the railroad traffic to the enclosure. The Pittsburg, Fort Wayne, and Chicago, and Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy have a freight road that crosses the city to the lake front, but would be obliged to use Illinois Central's tracks to reach the grounds; but it is doubtful whether they could secure permission from the city's authorities to use this for passenger travel, as it crosses all the main thoroughfares at grade, and quite recently has been the scene of two accidents, one of them causing a great loss of life. The Pittsburg, Fort Wayne, and Chicago's tracks and Michigan Central run in very close to Jackson and Washington Parks, and it is possible for these roads to secure entrance to the Fair grounds; but the right of way through the property would probably cost more than the privilege could earn in the six months the exposition will remain open. If the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne, and Chicago, and Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy, who use the same station on the West Side, can secure permission to run passenger trains by means of their belt-line crossing the city at Sixteenth Street, and then run through to Jackson Park over the Illinois Central tracks, a great favor will be conferred upon the "West Siders," as this route, by virtue of its quickness, would be their favorite means of reaching the Fair. Besides this there is another belt line encircling the city, connecting with all the roads; perhaps this may be made a general route to the gates. If not, the entire body of visitors will be precipitated upon one narrow locality of the city, and upon great occasions and even ordinary days a congestion of travel must inevitably result wellnigh impossible of solution. No matter how the situation is viewed, passengers going by steam are at the mercy of the Illinois Central Company. They have no right of way to purchase; the Fair Commissioners have absolutely no control over the service they choose to render, nor what they may elect to charge for it.

Besides these means of access to the Fair, there remains yet to be considered the Alley Elevated Road and the lake. The former runs between State and Wabash southwards from about Monroe. As yet it has no terminal and no home station. Under any circumstances it has no outlet to the Fair grounds, and to reach it will necessitate a branch line, probably through private property.

One of the idiosyncrasies of the history of Chicago's commercial prosperity is the use put to the lake front. There is a so-called "harbor," formed by a natural bend in the lake and a government breakwater, about opposite where the old exposition buildings stood, but to my knowledge it has never "harbored" anything save a few yachts and pleasure-craft, and occasionally the honor of entertaining that "Pride of the *Old* Navy," the United States revenue-cutter *Michigan*. Strange to say, the entire lake traffic—passenger and freight—is conducted to and from the Chicago River. There is not an available pier or bulkhead on the lake front, with the exception of the small excursion pier at the foot of Van Buren Street and the coal docks of the Illinois Central. Lake Michigan presents hardly an attractive excursion resort upon its shores; consequently excursions by steamboat are not in favor, and the lake does not possess a well-organized and equipped excursion-boat service. I mention this particularly, so as to point out the weak spots of local transportation in and about Chicago.

What could perhaps be an effective excursion-boat service would be a line of steamboats similar to the iron boats running to Coney Island. The people in Chicago have a fear of the lake; it is known to be uncertain and treacherous; therefore unless boats constructed with every modern appliance as to safety and speed can be provided, the people will not readily patronize them. If this can, however, be accomplished, it will be an ideal means of transportation, and will be particularly attractive to the country visitor—a sail on the great lake. But where are the boats? Are they building? The Fair is within fifteen months of its opening, and iron steamboats cannot be blown together even by Chicago "hustlers."

I fully expect that in some way the energy and creative genius of the Chicago people will find a remedy for this chaotic condition of local transportation; but they are letting matters go along too easily. Work on the buildings goes on with splendid results, but this is not all that is needed to make it a success. A small daily average attendance for the first four months would be 75,000 people. There is not in sight at present writing, and no preparations apparent for its material increase, sufficient local transportation to handle with comfort or celerity one-half this number. There is more in these local transportation questions than the Chicago people seem to realize at present. Practically speaking, there are but two direct routes to Jackson Park—the Illinois Central and Cottage Grove Avenue Cable. The lake is there, but there are no boats; all other lines which can in some way reach the grounds must build "spurs," and "loops," at a great expense of *time* and money, to reach the gates of the Columbian Exposition. Time presses with hurried steps to provide properly for the multitudes who will undoubtedly visit the Fair; the thorough organization of local transportation should proceed hand in hand with the completion of the buildings.

HARRY P. MAWSON.

The nightingale sat on a bough
And smoothed a shining wing.
"Who taught you"—scoffed the terrapin—
"Who taught you how to sing?"

The nightingale blushed fiery red,
She had not been to school;
She mused on what the tortoise said,
And sighed, "Twas not by rule."

A rabbit skirted down the path,
A-dancing in the sun.
"Who taught you"—scoffed the terrapin—
"Who taught you how to run?"

The rabbit blushed a fiery red,
He had not had a master,
He flung his heels against his head,
And tried to run the faster.

The nightingale, she cracked her voice
Learning to sing by rule,
The rabbit broke his forward leg
In a gymnasium school.

The terrapin, who could not sing,
Who could not follow after,
She sat beside her native spring
And shook her sides with laughter.

ISA. C. CABELL.

THE MAN WHO CARVES SHIPS' FIGURE-HEADS.

BY WILL M. CLEMENS.

I TARRIED awhile by the table of the figure-head-carver and watched his shining blades make their keen, never-erring strokes. I looked with curious interest on the huge shapeless block of wood out of which he was cutting a naiad to adorn the prow of the big ship that would soon be going down to the sea.

The work-place of the ship-carver was for all the world like an old curiosity shop; but the queerest and quaintest figure in it was the old carver himself. He was a great strapping fellow, or must have been so when younger, and had a majestic, self-composed air about him that seemed rather to match with his quaint surroundings. He had a poise of head and neck—though his shoulders were bent with age—that bespoke the heroic in him. One would expect a certain boldness and dash in the figure-head cut by this carver; and as I looked about and saw specimens of his work in the room, I made mental note of the fact that one would not be disappointed in this expectation.

"Forty years, sir, I've been a carver of these things," said he, in answer to my query, and his snowy beard and hair seemed to bear out his assertion. "Ah, sir, the business is not what it was. Only a few American ships have figure-heads now," said the carver, as he made a jab at his block of wood with the chisel. "In their place ornately carved billet-heads and trail-boards are substituted. There is scarcely a deep-water English ship afloat, however, that hasn't a three-quarter or life size figure on its bow. Once in a while we receive orders of this kind, but they don't come often.

"One of the finest figures I ever saw is the one on the bark *Spartan*, which touches at this port frequently. It represents a Spartan warrior, bearing a shield in one hand and a sword in the other. He is in the attitude of attack, and there is a wonderful semblance of life about him. The features are finely made, and the proportions are about as perfect as they can be. It is really a piece of art-work, and would attract attention if it were anywhere else than where it is.

"The bark *Hesper*, also belonging to this port, carries a fine female figure representing an ancient Grecian heroine. I carved it myself, and my chisel chipped at it for months, I can assure you. It is no easy job to make ship figures. You have lots to contend with. Some eccentric skipper, for instance, will give an order to carve out some female of his friendship, and if your innocent chisel cuts the least gouge out of her nose, curtails her modern skirt, or makes the slightest wrong proportion, he is ready to eat you up, and tell you to sell your burlesque to a tobacconist."

"What are the preliminaries in the work?" I asked.

"The first thing to be considered is the shape of the ship's bow and the rake of the bowsprit. On their proportions depends the size of the figure. The original design is drawn on paper with crayons, and in its rough state gives only the slightest suggestions of the finished work. The next step is to pick out the wood. A solid block is chosen, but sometimes two figures are used, and the parts are separately carved and afterward joined. The length of the average field figure is between seven and eight feet. The block is 'roughed out' on the floor and then lifted on 'horses,' where it is finished. The only tools used are chisels, mallets, gauges, and sand-paper. When once started on the figure the paper design is of little use. The carver has to depend most entirely on his eye to get the expression and the proportions. The figure is finished off with sand-paper and gilt. As is everything else, the amount of labor expended depends upon the price. Some figures are finished in a few weeks, and others again require months for completion."

"What are the usual subjects?" I inquired, as the old man came to an abrupt pause.

"Well, I suppose female figures are in the majority," was the reply. "Sometimes an amorous skipper carves his sweetheart or his young wife on his ship's bow; then, again, Victoria's royal head frequently adorns the prow of English merchant-men. The *Highland Light*, a large English vessel that plies between Liverpool and San Francisco, carries the figure of a Scotch Highlander in the act of dancing a fling. The bark *Newsboy*, a local craft, has the figure of a ragged newsboy in the attitude of a corner solicitor. I carved it many years ago, and competent judges say that it is remarkably lifelike. It's singular what tastes some people have. An English captain, not over-intelligent, came to me some years ago and requested me to cut him out an Apollo. I asked him what setting he wanted, and he replied that the figure was to be placed in warlike attitude, with a musket in one hand. I guess I must have argued with him for hours to urge him away from his funny idea. I quoted stacks of statistics to prove that the original Apollo didn't know a musket from a bean-bag. He gave in finally, and compromised on Victoria Regina, life size.

"A Scotch skipper asked me once whether I could hew out the outlines of his native village and cut a Scotch mist in the background. Experiences like these are calculated to blunt the good nature of even a block. I remember that several years ago a workman of mine, unusually clever with his chisel, set to work on a life-size figure of a sport. He finished it in fine style, and it looked wonderfully natural. The sport wore a plug hat, dress coat, baggy pants, mustache, and diamond pin, and carried a cane. He was represented in the act of accosting a young lady. The whole figure was painted a ghastly white. I hauled it down to the entrance of my shop, and it attracted considerable attention. One night I left my outer doors open. Two police-officers, while passing on the other side of the street, happened to look across, and they were horror-stricken at the sight of a pale ghostly figure standing in the entrance. They plucked up courage, however, and sallied across the street with clubs drawn. When they got close to the figure they tumbled to the hoax, and their expressions of disgust were loud and deep.

"A cigar man from an inland town chanced to see the sport, and he struck a bargain with me for it. It is now doing duty with a cigar-box under one arm and the proprietor's label on the plug hat."

SERVANTS IN THE COUNTRY.

THE Duke of Marlborough not only married an American woman, but in his travels in this country took extensive notes. Now and again through the medium of English reviews he tells us what he thinks of us. In a recent publication he has ventured to predict that in a short while the social grades will be as definitely and distinctly drawn in the United States as they are in any other country in the world. The millionaire merchant will be upon the top rung of the ladder, very much as the English duke is in Great Britain, and then lesser people will occupy lower rungs down to the bottom. When that time arrives, his Grace of Marlborough thinks America will be a pleasanter place in which to live, for then there will be less striving and pushing, less dissatisfaction, and even those on the lower rungs will be content with the position to which fate has assigned them. When that time comes, it is intimated that we shall really have domestic servants in the United States. On the other hand, a socialistic friend of mine thinks that all these problems will be solved by the state taking control of everything, and putting all men and women in partnership with each other. Then, according to his idea, there will be no rich and no poor, but each man and each woman will have apportioned to him and her such work as the natural ability fits each individual best to do. Then the servant question will vex us no longer, for the very good reason that there will be no servants. All the men will be kings and all the women queens when the socialists have reorganized society according to their notions.

Probably neither the duke nor the socialist is right in his prophecy. I fancy that we shall go along very much as we have been doing, but improving all the while, until we reach a stage when the responsibility of individual to individual, even when the relation be that of master and servant, will be recognized as a matter of course, and, if necessary, enforced by the law. Now, even in the great cities, the terms upon which servants are hired and discharged are so loose and ill regulated that if they obtained in any commercial house they would lead to certain ruin and bankruptcy. And all this is aggravated in the country a hundredfold. In the first place, it is wellnigh impossible to get a competent servant to go to the country, except to the houses of wealthy men who keep large establishments, and have such a number of domestics that a kind of home society is made for them in the kitchen or the servants' hall. But there are comparatively few such places, and wealth, anyhow, can easily overcome all obstacles. Those who have the hardest time are the persons in modest circumstances, who cannot afford to keep more than one or two servants.

I have had some sad experiences, and know whereof I write when I say that nothing whatever could induce me ever again to try to live in the country during the winter. In the summer it is not so entirely bad, for there are servants who prefer to be where they can get a breath of fresh air and have a glimpse of green fields during the heated term. But when the leaves begin to fall and the autumn winds to blow, nearly every one I have ever spoken to on the subject has had the same experience. It is too lonely, they say; we can't stand it; and away they go, whether a successor has been secured or not. One cook we had, to be sure, remonstrated with so much vigor against our hospitable practices that she had to be sent away. "And sure yez have company from one week's end to the ither, and I wuz hired for a small family!" she said, at the top of her voice, and in the full hearing of the offending guests. But this, during three or four years, was a solitary case. The others were too lonely. And very likely they were. But where the greatest difficulty arises is that no servant thinks it necessary to give notice of her intention to quit. To quote Uncle Remus, "It is fetch and go, no sooner said than done."

The keepers of intelligence offices do not make the lot of a country housewife who depends upon them for servants any easier. It is difficult for them to induce servants to go to the country, and it is not infrequently the case that they misrepresent the place to the servant, and the capacity of the servant to the employer. On one occasion we got a young woman, who was guaranteed by the proprietor of an intelligence office as entirely competent and trustworthy. It turned out that she had never been in service before, and had only casually wandered into the office a few minutes before she was engaged as an accomplished cook. She was worse even than no cook at all. On another occasion I went myself to engage a servant. I spoke to several, and answered all of their questions with due humility. At length the proprietor took a hand to help me out.

"Oh," said he to one woman, who was considering the matter, "it's not in the real country; it's in a village, just outside of So-and-so," naming quite a large town seven miles from where I live.

"Ah, but it is in the country," I remonstrated, as I did not wish to beguile a woman into going with me by false pretence. This, I think, rather inclined her to look upon me with favor, and she said,

"Well, I think I will go." And after a brief pause, she asked, "Have ye gas in the house?"

"Of course not," I answered. "We live in the country."

"Well, it's to no such forsaken place that I'll go," she said, and moved away.

There was a very forlorn-looking man sitting in the room. I had noticed that he had had several unsuccessful interviews, and when my woman had gone away after more than half concluding to go with me, he smiled sympathetically at me.

"I wish my house in the country would burn down," he said. "I built the plagued thing," he continued, "and now have it on my hands. I can't sell it, and can't rent it, and can't afford to let it remain closed, so I must live in it. I wish it would catch fire." Before he could say more he was obliged to resume his search for a cook.

As for country servants, that is, servants born in the country, there are none such. Some of these will condescend to be what is sometimes called "help," or to act the part of what some persons call "girls," but they have no idea of being servants. Such as these expect to be made to a considerable extent a part of the family in which they live. They, except in rare instances, are out of the question. But all this will become regulated when women who must earn their own living realize that there is nothing degrading in domestic service, and that it is better paid than almost any other kind of work. And then another improvement will be brought about when employers engage servants for a definite time, a year, for instance, and insist on requiring thirty days notice when any servant wishes to leave. And, again, no employer should take a servant without a recommendation that bears investigation. A good character should be a large part of a servant's stock in trade, and this should never be either given or received lightly and without careful consideration. If all housekeepers, either in town or country, should be careful in this matter of recommendations, the servant question would at once be a good deal more than half solved.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

A GRISETTE.

THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

PARIS.

(*Continued from page 233.*)

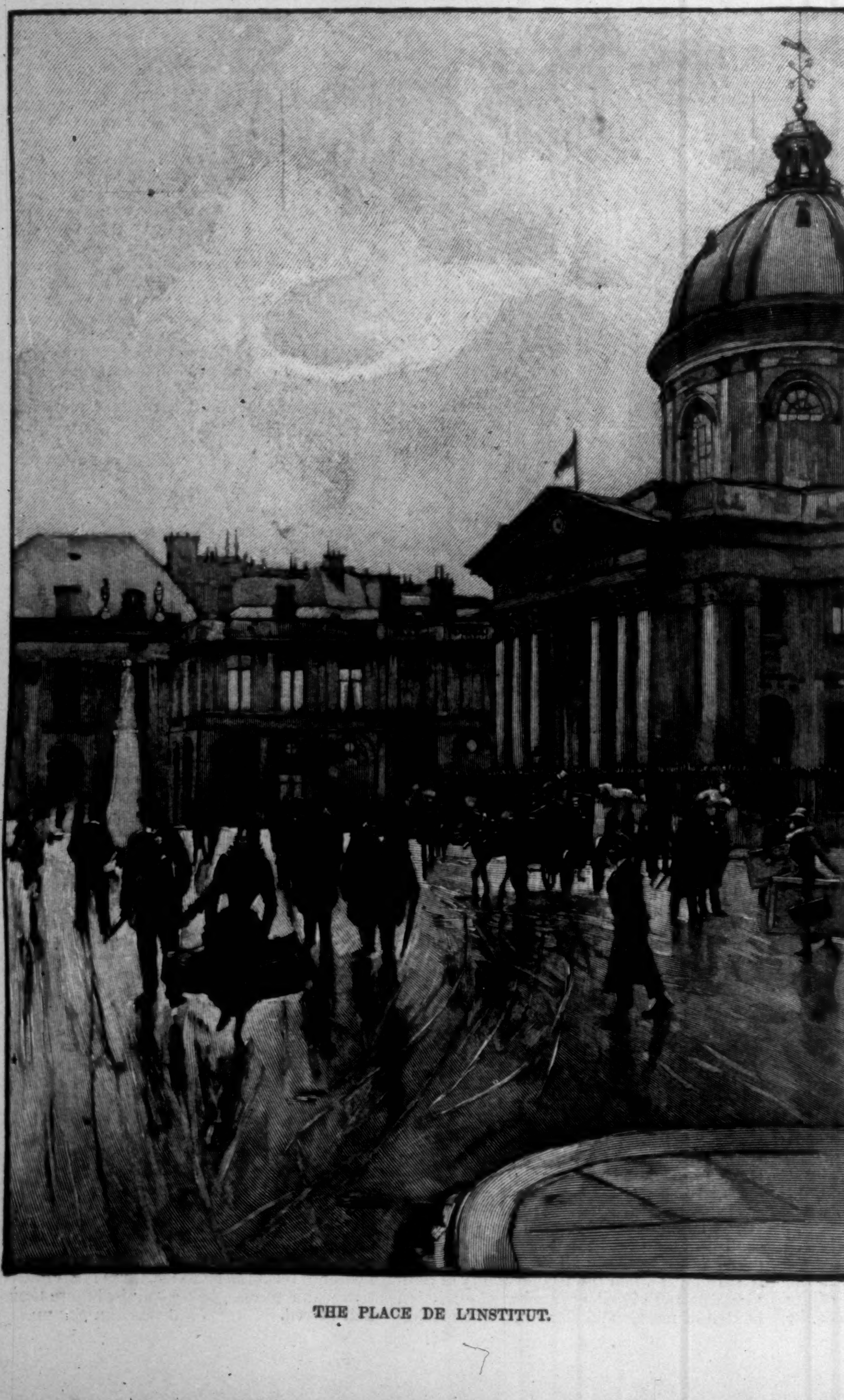
haps, much of a judge in such matters, but I cannot see how the progress of civilization is marked by the bestowing of the same decoration on great artists and great grocers! I bow to superior judgment on this point; but, for all that, Paris in 1889 made me sad—sad at heart. Excuse a nervous man! I suffered—yes, I really suffered—when I saw delegates from all parts of the universe attracted to the Eiffel Tower, pausing before a stupid iron structure 300 metres high, and crowds of peasants, each with his umbrella, pouring forth from excursion trains to gloat over the Oriental dances. Paris thus transformed into a kind of fairyland became uninhabitable to me, and I simply ran away to spend the whole summer in the pretty wooded country near it.

Fortunately, however, there are other things than those I have referred to in Paris; there are other Parisians than the idlers of the boulevards. There is the Paris of home life—a life full of charm to those who live it or are privileged to share it—and it is of this life that I shall do my best to speak.

II.

Who was it said—at this moment I cannot remember—that Paris was the one town in the world which makes one love it as one does a woman? It is a pretty fancy, and well expresses a truth; but it applies only to foreigners. I feel pretty sure that it was not said by a Parisian by birth—the child of Parisian parents, who had passed his childhood and youth in Paris, and had there grown up, lived, loved, and suffered. Such Parisians—and I am one—love Paris as their native country; but I am at once going to add a reproach—they do not love each other enough.

In spite of centralization carried to an extreme, provincialism—or, rather, the exclusive love of one particular corner of France—is rampant even in the capital itself. Friendly meetings, dinners, and periodical fêtes are held by the provincials who come to Paris to seek their fortune, or, as some audaciously put it, to conquer it. Those from Auvergne fraternize over the fumes of vegetable soup; Normans drink to their orchards and their cider in the wine of Champagne; Bretons sing their Celtic and Gallic airs at the love-feasts which wind up with some improvisation in the style of Ernest Renan; Provençals play their tambourines and dance round De Florian's bust at Sceaux, doubtless much to the astonishment of the knight there commemorated. We must hasten to add that we see nothing in this but what is perfectly legitimate, even touching. To meet those belonging to the same province regularly, to talk of the dear home country, to rejoice over the triumphs of illustrious or fortunate compatriots, and to help those less lucky than one's self, is all excellent. But why does not this good custom prevail, or, at least, why is it not more common, amongst the Parisians of Paris?



THE PLACE DE L'INSTITUT.

Truth to tell, there was once upon a time a dinner for Parisians of the Parisians, at which I had the good fortune to preside. It was charming; we were all most cordial to each other, and, as an amusing bit of fun, we took to imitating at dessert the cries of the ancient faubourgs of Paris, such as "Tonneaux! tonneaux!" "Ciseaux à r'passer!" "Chand d'habits!" "Hareng qui glace!" and so on. These were recollections of the earliest days of the childhood of us *habitués* of Vaugirard or Ménilmontant. With all my heart I drank long life and success to this Association of the Parisians of Paris; but it was then only of recent origin, and has not thriven since as I should wish to see it.

It is impossible for any one to deny that we true Parisians neither know each other nor seek each other enough. It may be said that it is because we are so entirely at home in our town; but that town really is a world in itself, and we are sometimes months, or even a year, without meeting a single fellow-townsman on familiar terms, although if such a meeting were to come about, there is no doubt that the two would be in thorough sympathy with each other, that each would often dream of the other, and think of him as of an absent friend.

No, no; the fact is we adore Paris—we enjoy it to the full; but we do not do justice enough to our fellow-citizens; we are wanting in local patriotism.

As a proof of this, I need only quote our indifference to some of our greatest distinctions. How often has it not happened to Parisians—to some of my readers perhaps—to stop on their way through a provincial town opposite to the statue of some great unknown, and inquire: "Who was he? What did he do?" We in Paris go to the other extreme; and to quote but one example, Alfred de Musset, one of the greatest poets of the nineteenth century, was born in Paris, yet thirty-three years after his death—to our disgrace be it spoken—he is still uncommemorated by any public monument.

Is any further proof needed of what I have been saying? Suppose some young man belonging to the lower middle class of Paris, with no connections but those of his immediate neighborhood, wishes to better himself. I know that young man well; not so very long ago I was as like him as his own brother. There are thousands such at the present day. Let him follow the trade of his father, as every one did in ancient Egypt, and all will be well; but suppose his parents are ambitious for him, and have given him a better education than they had themselves, to whom can they turn? What letters of introduction will be any good to him? How is he to carry on or even to begin true study, in which no master is of much avail? Of what good to him is his Parisian birth? No one can bring him under the notice of a man in power who will be a protector to him as a matter of course, simply because he is a fellow-citizen.

On the other hand, that young fellow from the provinces, who descended but yesterday from a third-class carriage, though he is as poor and ignorant as the Parisian just described, as wanting in money, and as well supplied with illusions and hopes, has in his pockets several recommendations to people from his native place—two or three fellow-countrymen who have already made their fortunes, or who are going to make them. He may make his mind easy; some one will help him; and if his father—who is perhaps a chemist or a veterinary surgeon—has the least influence in his remote country home, the new arrival in Paris will at once make his way to his "deputy," who will rise to the occasion; not a doubt of it, for we do not bandy words with our electors! Give me an example, if you can, of a Parisian for whom the representative of his arrondissement has ever got a situation.

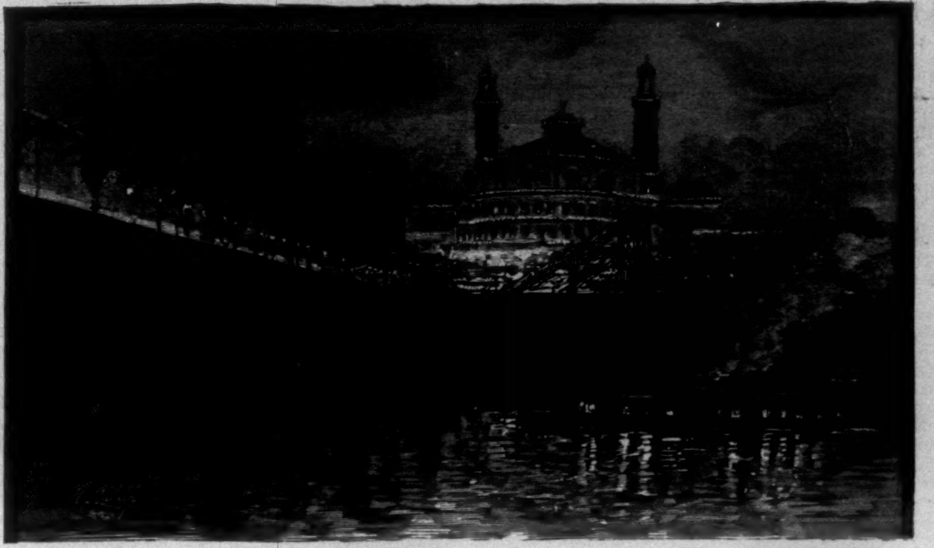
As in big so in small matters. The very peasant or bricklayer's assistant who comes from his village with nothing but a pair of shoes and a couple of shirts tied up in a pocket-handkerchief has got the address of some little inn or wineshop where he will be sure of a welcome for the sake of auld lang-syne, and will hear of work to be had.

THE DRUM-MAJOR.

Oh, Parisians, Parisians—dear but too light-hearted fellow-citizens, confess that I am right! You are egotists. Insensible of the claims of your comrades, you do not help each other as do the people of Picardy or of the Morvan Mountains. And what is the result? The great capital of Paris is gradually becoming crowded with provincials. In

some of the petty trades, it is true, natives are still to be found; and some house-painter, the son of a father who did the marbling or the lettering before him, or some humble grocer descended from ancestors who sold candles or Gruyère cheese from time immemorial, may be a native of the Faubourg St. Denis or the Rue St. Jacques; but amongst the higher classes there are no true-born Parisians, and everybody speaks with a provincial, mostly a southern, accent. The other day, when I was waiting in the antechamber of a minister, and listened to the conversation, the voices sounded like the rolling of flints, and I might have fancied myself beside a Pyrenean water-fall.

These reflections affect me to the heart; and, dear Parisians, now that I have a chance of a little free-and-easy talk with you, I seize the opportunity to give you some advice. Beware; close up your ranks, do not let them be too much invaded by outsiders; defend yourselves, for the evil is already great, and on my faith, if I were the father of a family, I would have my sons naturalized as children of the south.



A FÊTE AT THE TROCADÉRO.

DEMOLITION OF OLD PARIS.

III.

I will now, in favor of my fellow-citizens, contest an opinion which is very widely spread. There are, it is said, very few true Parisian families. Many children are born in Paris, but it is already rare to find any whose father and mother are also natives of that city, and yet rarer are those whose grandparents were Parisian. Go back to the second or third generation, and you will find rural or foreign ancestors. The population of the capital is but a mixture of different bloods—a conglomeration of races.

In other words, there are no Parisians properly so called! But this is altogether wrong. Under the *ancien régime*, I do not know how many quarterings were not required of high-born damsels before they could become canonesses of Rémiremont, and the daughters of the house of Bourbon itself who were not able—on account of the marriage of Henri IV. with Marie de Medicis—to give such proof of noble birth, were not admitted to the Chapter except in obedience to the formal command of the king. I admit that most of my fellow-citizens could not prove their thirty or forty quarterings of Parisianism, and are no more true Parisians than were the daughters of France of truly noble birth. But I have heard of a certain M. Charmolue—a superb name, betraying in its nasal ring its mediæval origin—who can trace his genealogy, from father and son, from the reign of St. Louis, and prove that all his ancestors were Parisian.

Without dwelling on this exceptional case, we may assert that Parisians of pure Parisian blood are more numerous than is generally supposed. Let us put the aristocracy entirely aside. There are, of course, many nobly born Parisians of provincial origin who came to Paris in the first place to be nearer the sun, that is to say, the reigning monarch. At the present time a good many nobles have houses in Paris, and keep up grand establishments there, but very few are what we may call legal residents. A sentence we often hear from those whom we may characterize as thoroughly *boulevardian* in their ways is, "I am off for home." This "home" is in Normandy, Franche Comté, or Périgord, and is the old feudal fief—the birthplace of the family. There is no longer a king, it is true, but Paris is still to aristocrats the centre of delight, the place where they will meet their equals; it is still the Louvre and Versailles—in other words, the Court. They may live in Paris, but they are still not Parisian.

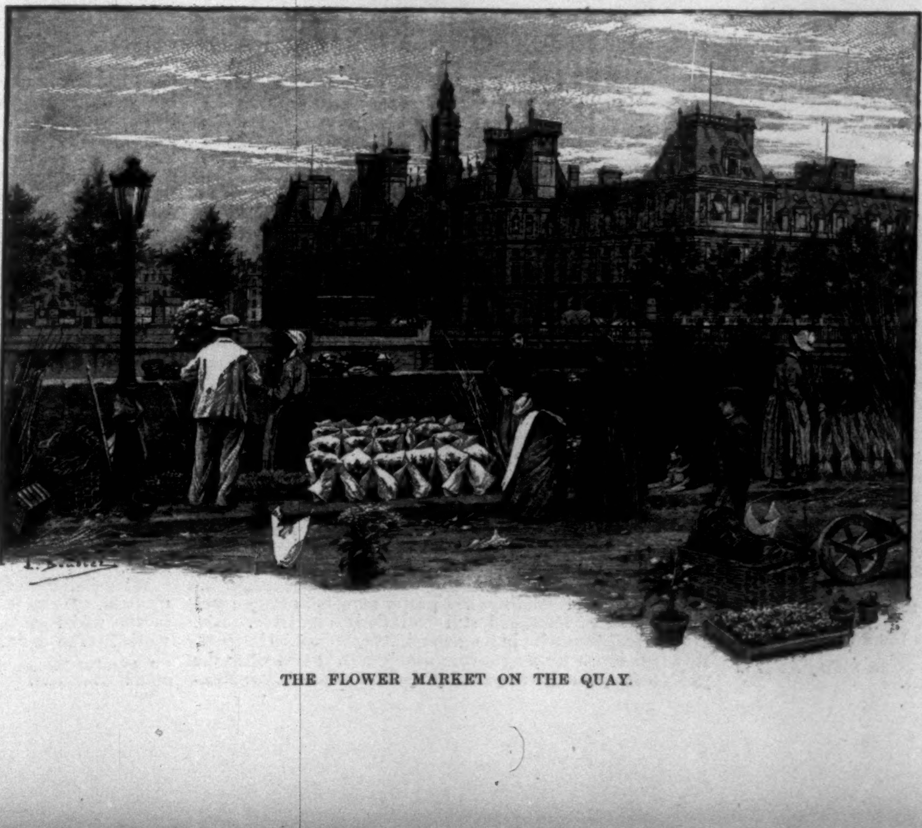
It is a different thing amongst the *bourgeoisie* and the lower classes. If you wander some day into the heart of old Paris, and lose yourselves amongst the few ancient streets which have escaped the pick of the destroyer—in the St. Denis, St. Martin, and Marais quarters—you will be surprised at the number of shops you will see bearing, not without pride, the legend, after the sign of the owner, "founded in 1690" or "in 1700." And very often the occupiers have succeeded each other, father and son, like royal personages. I know something about this. My grandfather on the maternal side established himself before the Revolution as a master locksmith near the Place de la Grève. His great-grandson, and of course my cousin-german, the fourth head of the family, is still a master locksmith in Paris! And there are many similar cases.

But this *bourgeoisie*, this absolutely Parisian race, is known but to few, and that imperfectly. It must be admitted, too, that it is very exclusive, only hospitable to relations and intimate friends. It is less difficult to gain admission, I will not say to the Faubourg St. Germain, but to the upper ten thousand, for instance, than to sit down at the table—a very well served table too—of one of the old *bourgeoisie* stock where there are still *cordons bleus*.[1] A stranger is not invited unless he is known to be going to ask the hand of a daughter of the house in marriage. New faces are distrusted, and yet there is nothing to conceal. In this circle you will doubtless meet with some very narrow, even absurd notions; but you will also find simplicity and a great fund of honor and probity. Nearly everything written about this hidden corner of Parisian society is an unfair caricature, the result of want of careful observation. Balzac alone, who knew or guessed everything, has done justice to it in his admirable *César Birotteau*.

Amongst the lower classes, too, there are pure Parisians of very ancient stock. They are swamped, it is true, amongst the ever-increasing waves of immigration attracted to the big town by a force as strong as that exercised on a lover by the object of his affections, but they are still pretty numerous in some professions and in petty commerce. A celebrated historian of our own day, who had had in his possession the lists of the butchers of September, including those of the wretches who were bribed to carry out the horrible massacre of the Abbaye, told me that amongst the net-work of small streets still existing behind St. Germain des Prés he had recognized the signs of several of the assassins. It is evident that the worker in ebony of the Rue de l'Échaudé or the cobbler of the Rue de Buci knows nothing of the crimes of his grandparents, for in this poverty-stricken world people are very indifferent to the origin of their families. But is not this a striking proof that the Parisian remains attached to his native soil—not merely to his town, but to his own quarter, his own street of that town? Do you remember, in the *Assommoir* of Zola, the house in the Rue de la Goutte d'Or? Coupeau, the Parisian artisan, was born in that house, passed his youth in it, was married from it, scarcely ever left it, and died in it, unless he finished his vicious course amongst other evil-doers at St. Anne. This is a lifelike picture. It is impossible to exaggerate the devotion of the Parisian artisan to his home, or his horror of change. When you see him passing by between the shafts of his little cart, with all his worldly goods with him, you will know he has grave reasons for the step he is taking; for nothing would uproot him but imperative necessity, such as the loss of his employment, the absolute need of being near his work, or the impossibility of paying his rent.

When I was a little boy, my mother, who was not rich, and was very much occupied with her lodgers, sent me out walking with a very poor and very old woman wearing a linen bonnet, who remembered perfectly the Empire, the Revolution, and the last years of the reign of Louis XVI. For

AT THE CENTRAL MARKET, PARIS.



THE FLOWER MARKET ON THE QUAY.

[1] The *cordon bleu* was the sign of the "Order of the Holy Ghost," the knights of which were famed for the good tables they kept. A good cook came to be called a *cordon bleu*, or one able to cook for these knights.—*Translator.*

the whole of that time she had lived in the quarter of the Rue de Sèvres. I have spoken elsewhere of this good soul, whom I only mention now as a case in point. About 1846 or 1847, when she bought me cakes and pink sticks of sweetmeat from the basket of a woman hawking her goods on a bench in an alley of the Boulevard des Invalides, Mother Bernu—that was my attendant's name—still lived in the same corner of Paris. It was there that she had seen the Maréchal de Richelieu, now decrepit and devout, kneeling in the chapels at the Fête Dieu; it was there that she had eaten from tables set out in the open air in patriotic fêtes; it was there that she had given her farewell kisses to all her sons, who left her one after the other to die beneath the eagles of the great Emperor. Mother Bernu lived in an attic of the Rou Rousselet, and there she died.

Yes, in spite of railways—which, after all, are but of very recent origin—in spite of the invasion of the capital by foreigners of all kinds, there are still not a few Parisians the origin of whose ancestors is lost in the mists of time, and who have never lost sight of their own street or faubourg. If palæographers and the keepers of charters had not something better to do, I feel sure they might discover that the ancestors of the grocer at the corner were cabochiens[1] under Charles VI., leaguers under Henri III., or sansculottes in the Reign of Terror, and make out for some such poor fellow, with the help of the parish registers of Paris, a genealogy as long as those of the De Montmorencys and De Rohans.

IV.

The true Parisian, I have said, loves his native town, and this affection with him is no mere abstract or intellectual sentiment. No; he loves his Paris by instinct with his whole heart, as the Breton loves his heaths, the Burgundian his vine-clad hills, the Norman his deep pastures, the Provençal his olive groves, and the men of Bearn their green sunlit mountains. It may seem strange that crowded noisy streets are as much loved as quiet landscapes, and that the soul can be touched by the outlines of a group of houses as well as by those of a clump of trees, that arid pavements may be loved as are flowery meadows, but it really is so. To a Parisian in exile the sharp cry of a *marchand de robinets* or seller of taps[2] produces as melancholy a feeling as does the sound of the *Ranz des Vaches*.

And why not? We pour out our love and tenderness on what is familiar to us. Here we have one who cannot walk along that humble bit of pavement without tears filling his eyes, for it was there he trotted along clinging to his mother's dress when he was quite a little fellow. The first love of another lived near that tobacco shop, and he can never see its sign without a quickened beating of the heart. Another says, "Here comes the old chestnut-seller," as Jean Jacques exclaimed, "Here are periwinkles in flower!" And I who am talking to you—laugh if you will—when I smell the peculiar odor of damp earth produced by the fall of water from a water-cart, live once more certain hours of my youth, and those hours are so sweet and so sad that I quite forget where I am.

This kind of thing is the source of a number of small vexations to the Parisian such as are unknown to those fortunate enough to be born in the country, and there have laid up in the bright days of early youth a store of memories which can always be happily recalled even after the first gray hairs have appeared. For nature is unchangeable, or nearly so. Time may pass away, but those water-lilies near the side of the river will flower again next June; the warbler, which makes its nest in that little wood by the side of the road, sings the same song as the warblers of other days; that forest of lofty oaks and beeches will, no doubt, be where it is thirty years hence. The man of country birth is pretty sure to find in their old places the scenes of his youth, scarcely changed from what they were when he left them, and ready to awake in him the emotions of days long gone by. And it is much the same with villages and small towns; for summer after summer the same house-leeks and wild poppies will wave in the wind on the top of the old wall, and for century after century the same old Gothic inn will look down from the same old corner.

In great capitals, on the other hand, everything is being constantly changed and renewed. In two lines of profound melancholy Baudelaire has expressed this:

> "Old Paris is no more. The form of a town
> Changes quicker, alas! than the heart of a mortal."

At the Luxembourg, on the site of the flowering cytherean avenues of the old horticultural gardens, where were seen the last of the grisettes, you will now find an English park, very correct, very dull, given over to mammas and nurses with their charges. In the city the tramways pass over the site of the old alleys of mediæval times, the hoofs of the horses drawing the cars echoing with a dull leaden sound. I am not yet an old man, but I can remember kitchen-gardens and cucumber frames a hundred metres from the Montparnasse railway, and alongside of the scaffolding of the unfinished Louvre, where the pompous monument of Gambetta now seems to hurl defiance at the little triumphal arch of Marengo. I have seen tumble-down shanties in which, amongst other horrors, were sold stuffed crocodiles, which may have belonged to the usurers of the time of Molière. No doubt the Halles Centrales (central markets) of Paris are one of the wonders of modern Paris, but amongst the ant-like crowd beneath the vast domes of glass and iron I can remember seeing the old squat square pillars near to which Molière played. Where are the saddle-backed bridges, and the primitive omnibuses called Hirondelles (swallows), or the Tricycles, the old-fashioned cafés with palm-shaped stove-pipes, where the only place to smoke was the taproom, and where the small cheap cakes called *échaudés* were served as a matter of course with the beer? All this now seems as old as the Pyrenees, and is as completely forgotten as the oaths and protestations of politicians. What is left of the Paris prior to the time of Haussmann, which was, it must be confessed, somewhat dirty and unsavory, but in which, at every turn, one came upon some picturesque bit, some unexpected corner with something bright and homelike about it?

I have nothing to say against those who have transformed it. They have but obeyed a mysterious law, and carried out the decrees of fate. Progress could not do with the narrow, irregular streets of ancient France, with the upper stories of the houses with projecting cranes and pulleys overhanging the low, dark shops. The effects of chiaro-oscuro on moonlight nights were charming, but they were detestable to those who dread epidemics.

Lovers of the picturesque have had to make way for hygienic science. Modern progress brooked no delay, and took the shortest cut to success, demolishing everything to make way for its straight rows of boulevards lined with barracks as wide as rivers and as unpleasant as rain. The effect is supposed to be superb. But must I confess that I am just a little doubtful about this famous progress, the sound of which, when I hear the word used by commercial travellers, reminds me of gargling. It looks well, too, when painted on the signs of provincial cafés, but I really do not know that a single person is less miserable for all this boasted progress. The worst of all misery—moral misery—does not seem to be in the very smallest degree diminished. But I am only an old fogy, and it is the general conviction that steam and gas develop virtue, and that the telephone promotes peace of mind. Hold thy peace, old fellow! Art thou really longing for the return of stage-coaches, and tallow-dips that want snuffing every quarter of an hour? Admire the Eiffel Tower! It is three hundred metres high—just eight thousand five hundred and thirty-nine less than the highest peak of the Himalayas; and I am told that it has excited the envy of the Yankees, who mean to erect one twice as high! Next year we are promised an aerial railway which will pass over the towers of Notre Dame, and Paris will be as nearly as possible like Chicago. Will it not be delightful?

So be it. I bow my head. I find fault with nothing. It is not my fault that I was born in old Paris, and that I feel a little of an exile in the new Paris, which is being made as American as possible. That cross-road, dangerously crowded with vehicles, called up old dreams for me, and that many-storied, tumble-down old house, encumbering the very foot-path, awoke great sentiments in me. But what do I see now in the ancient, almost country-like faubourg, lit by the lamps which had looked down on the scenes of the Reign of Terror, from the lamp-posts on which the aristocracy had been hung? All is now noise and confusion. A railway station is close by; brilliantly lighted shops line the pavements; crowds are hurrying in every direction; the shrill whistles of engines rend the air. In the olden days my father used to take me for a walk there beneath the elms, holding my hand in his; and it is all I can do now when I shut my eyes to call up the old scene and his dear sweet face. Pity the poor old Parisians! One of their worst miseries is to see the demolition of the quarters which were the scene of the most solemn moments of their life. The blows of the destroying mason fall not only on the rotten stone and wood, but on the hearts of many of the passers-by. The hearts of the old houses in course of demolition are laid bare—the crumbling staircases, the black marks made by soot from the chimneys, the bedrooms with their torn curtains. One day—I shall never forget it—I dreamt of the violation, in broad daylight, of one particular room. "Halloa, you man up there with a pick! Stop! You are destroying the nest I made in early spring. There I lived with her I loved. Here were spent the golden hours of first love. Have pity. Stop! This was the very room. I know the flowers of the wall-paper."

A BOULEVARDIER.

But enough of retrospective elegies. The old quarters may be laid low, new boulevards may be erected, the whole face of Paris may be changed and rendered ugly, yet it will never lose its singular, its nameless charm. I have swallowed, to my cost—eh, and digested too—in the form of powdered plaster, many an ancient and characteristic gable end, and I have seen rise up in the place of the ancient mansions to which those gables belonged great houses as stupid-looking as geese, and buildings like pastry moulds in shape; and yet, in spite of all this, I still find Paris admirable. Ah! Paris is still beautiful in its general, its geographical aspect. However much we may love uniformity, however great the passion for plane surfaces and perpendicular lines, the Montagne Sainte-Geneviève and the Butte Montmartre will never be levelled, the Seine will never be taken prisoner or converted into a canal as straight as the Rue de Rivoli. Paris will ever retain its fine characteristic landscape. On this point all has been said that can be said. Make your mind easy; I am not going to take you to the Bridge of Austerlitz to show you the sun setting in classic style behind Notre Dame, nor make you climb, as night is falling, to the top of the Church of the Sacré Cœur to give you, as you look down upon the lit-up city, an impression of a phosphorescent sea. I am only chatting away, that is all—wandering about over my vast subject. Let us saunter on together just a little longer.

And while we are on the subject of the charm of Paris, let us add that it owes that charm, above all, to its infinite variety, which is such that it may be looked upon as a kind of microcosm. The true Parisian may really—I speak from experience—dispense with travelling altogether. "For want of money"—to quote Panurge—I scarcely left my native town till I was twenty-seven. Since then I have made many a tour, visited many countries, many capitals, and—dare I say it?—I have often been moved to admiration, very rarely to surprise. Everywhere I had a sort of feeling of having seen what I was looking at before; and it was a true feeling. I had seen, or at least imagined, everything when I was in my dear old Paris.

Do you want instances? I will give you plenty. Go and lean on a foggy day over the railing of the Bridge des Saints Pères, and look down at the quay below, moored to which there are always one or two sea-going vessels, clumsy gloomy-looking English ships with low masts and a short squat chimney. They are laden with merchandise from afar, very often with bullocks' horns from South America. The witty sculptor Préault said, apropos of all the animals who had been deprived of their horns, "Why, look! the National Guard has been disarmed." Now no chaffing, you young gamin of Paris; be sensible for once, and let your natural feelings have full play. Is this not really a corner of a seaport? Look at the vessels moored to the quay, the custom-house, the rows of barrels, the piles of packages, the English sailors in their red shirts open at the neck, and coal dust in their tawny beards. Can't you smell the tar, the pitch, and other exotic odors? The background of the picture does not matter. If only there is a fog the illusion is perfect, and you might go to Havre or Hamburg without seeing anything better.

Or take another example. Venice is a lovely city, butit is a long way off. Come with me on a clear night behind the Gobelins manufactory to the series of narrow channels formed by the Bièvre. Of course there is nothing to compare here with the Grand Canal or the Rialto; but pause for a moment on a foot-bridge—I was just going to say on a *traghetto*. On either side are lofty gloomy-looking buildings with but few lamps, the sullen water lit only by a flickering moon-beam here and there. I assure you Venice is full of such corners. True, the smell from the neighboring tanneries is rather strong, but if you think the scents of the Queen of the Adriatic are always pleasant to you, you are very much mistaken. Behind the Gobelins—of course only at night—I repeat that you have a little bit of the city of the Doges. Take a turn some evening, and if you have a scrap of imagination about you, you will presently fancy you see the indented prow of a gondola appearing at the corner of the canal.

"Come, now," I hear you exclaim, "this is really too far-fetched. At this rate it will be enough to have offered a rye cake to the elephant in the Jardin des Plantes to imagine that one has crossed the jungles of India." Well, so it is very much the same, and one advantage is that one escapes the mosquitoes.

Would you like to be saved the fatigue of a journey to London? You need only go on a rainy autumn evening, when the gas is not yet lit in the streets, to a corner of the Faubourg Montmartre. You know which I mean—the Carrefour des Écrasés.[1] Horses splashing through the mud, foot-passengers trudging drearily along under dripping umbrellas, a smoky, leaden atmosphere. London is often like this in the height of summer. Look, there is a cab in the file of carriages—the illusion is complete. You are in the Strand or Oxford Street. Why, then, should you put yourself about at all, and risk all the horrors of seasickness in a passage from Calais to Dover?

But let me confess everything to you. Paris is to me so suggestive—I must use the fashionable word—that it not only often recalls to my memory countries I have visited, it also calls up before my imagination others I have never seen. I know a little square, for instance, on the other side of the Champs de Mars, near the Boulevard de Grenelle, which in ordinary weather is a dreary solitude, with nothing to distinguish it but dirty walls and the low gateway of a cavalry barrack. But in the great heat and under the blue sky of July the little square assumes quite an Oriental appearance; the stones become golden in the sunshine; the shadows are violet; the grated windows of the stables look like those of Mushrebiyehs. I fancy myself in Cairo—in the old Cairo of the time of the Egyptian expedition; and presently the dragoon who mounts guard, leaning on his carbine, will present arms to General Kléber, who is about to issue from that Moorish arch, followed by his staff, a grand, heroic-looking figure, with a long sabre trailing almost to the ground, a tricolored sash round his waist, a very high cravat, which almost chokes him, and three feathers in his cap.

However much we may like Russia, you really need not go such a distance to see it, but next time the snow falls, hasten before it thaws to the Esplanade des Invalides. Are not the vast white stretches and the golden, rime-clad dome exactly like what you would see in Moscow?

Do not say to me: "Nonsense! All this is mere fancy." I know too well the illusions of travelling not to bless the happy gift of imagination, which enables me to go round the world without putting myself about at all. Last April I did go to Naples, and spent a few days there. The sky was gray, and it did nothing but rain. I was numbed with cold—numbed, I tell you—when I was visiting the ruins of Pompeii; and at night the flaming crater of Vesuvius looked beneath the clouded sky just like the lamp of a police station. Next summer I shall go to the banks of the Seine at Point du Jour; you get a very fine view from there, and who knows but what in the dog-days, as I loiter about there amongst the brilliant lights of the cafés and gardens, I shall get the very sensation of a deliriously lovely Neapolitan night.

Who shall dare to reproach a Parisian for giving himself up to all the caprices of his imagination? Does he not live in the midst of the most intellectual environment in the world? The very air he breathes is instinct with thought;

[1] Cabochiens were party men in the time of Charles VI., named after Simon Caboche, a butcher, and their leader.—*Translater*.

[2] The cry of the *marchand de robinets* has outlived many others in Paris, and is still occasionally heard.—*Translator*.

[1] So called because of the number of persons killed in crossing the street.—*Translator*.

and really, the mocking words of Molière, "He knows all without having learned anything," can be applied in earnest to the native of Paris.

But, alas! there is a reverse side to this picture. There is no doubt that the people of Paris have been guilty of many acts of insane folly. I was in Paris at the time of the Commune, when the drivers of hackney-coaches were colonels. It was anything but pleasant, I can tell you. The dust in which those young girls dance in popular quarters of the town is historic dust—the dust instinct with the spirit of revolution, and when this dust is whirled up in a blast of revolt, woe betide Paris!—it turns every one's hair gray. Alas! that I should have to say it—few great cities have witnessed so much bloodshed, so many massacres, as Paris!

But when Paris is in its normal calm condition, who could be more gentle and courteous, more obliging, than the populace of Paris? Ask the first passer-by any question you like—but ask it politely, as of an equal, for the Parisian is proud. What an eager response you get! With what a good grace he endeavors to serve you! The fiercest frequenter of clubs who applauds the orator demanding the blood of the *bourgeoise* will cut off his right hand to oblige a stranger who stops him in the street, raises his hat to him, and addresses him as monsieur.

And, again, Paris is the home of good taste. There is a *soupçon* of art feeling in everything. I do like that expression of the studios—"good work." It is the ideal of every workman in Paris to produce good work, done in a loving, conscientious manner. A little while ago the markets of the whole world were inundated with German rubbish at a ridiculous price. I remember especially some corduroy velvet, with which the women were quite in love. But this fancy for German work did not last; there was soon a reaction in favor of the Parisian "article," which was dearer, certainly, but which has that nameless nothing which is everything, which the French call "grace." Even as far away as Valparaiso the question is asked, "Is this from Paris?" and if the answer is yes, Valparaiso decides in favor of it. Who shall say that Valparaiso is not right?

This natural, this innate grace can be recognized in the pretty cheap hat and daintily worn dress of the humblest grisette when she goes forth dressed in her best on fête-days. This hat is nothing but a couple of flowers and two or three bits of ribbon; the stuff for the dress was not more than nineteen sous a metre, but the effect of the whole is charming. Poor daughters of Paris, whose only beauty is your freshness—a freshness as of early dawn, and which lasts but three springs at the most—how hard you work! what self-denial you practise! what ingenuity you display for the sake of what you call "*un peu de toilette!*" You will often breakfast off a bit of sausage, eaten at the pork-butcher's, but you have gloves too tight for you, and an umbrella with a handle in the latest fashion, "like a lady." Who shall blame you? Certainly not I, poor children that you are.

I could write page after page on the same subject, for never, never can I repeat too often how much I love you, dear fellow-Parisians. You are, after all, the French *par excellence*. You may have their faults, but you also have their characteristic virtue, their gay enthusiasm, their courageous good-humor. How often I have seen this in my wanderings to and fro, and I cannot better close this chat than by quoting a touching case in point.

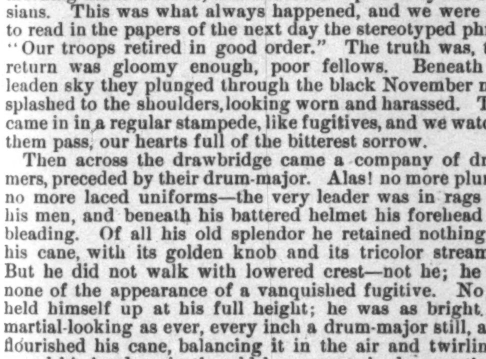
It was in the time of the siege, in the winter of 1870—horrible memory! The battalion of the National Guard to which I belonged was on duty at the Porte d'Italie, and my comrades and I were watching some companies of soldiers of the line who were retreating upon Paris. They had that morning made a sortie, and had been repulsed by the Prussians. This was what always happened, and we were sure to read in the papers of the next day the stereotyped phrase, "Our troops retired in good order." The truth was, their return was gloomy enough, poor fellows. Beneath the leaden sky they plunged through the black November mud, splashed to the shoulders, looking worn and harassed. They came in in a regular stampede, like fugitives, and we watched them pass, our hearts full of the bitterest sorrow.

Then across the drawbridge came a company of drummers, preceded by their drum-major. Alas! no more plumes, no more laced uniforms—the very leader was in rags like his men, and beneath his battered helmet his forehead was bleading. Of all his old splendor he retained nothing but his cane, with its golden knob and its tricolor streamers. But he did not walk with lowered crest—not he; he had none of the appearance of a vanquished fugitive. No; he held himself up at his full height; he was as bright and martial-looking as ever, every inch a drum-major still, as he flourished his cane, balancing it in the air and twirling it round his head, as in the old happy parade days at the reviews of the Inspector-General. He had the true military swagger still, and the same thought passed through the minds of us all, "There goes a true Frenchman."

Just then there was some obstruction in front of the returning drummers, and the troop halted opposite us, the drum-major leaning on his cane. We approached to talk to the soldiers, and to ask about the engagement in the morning, and full of sympathy for the only one of the troop who still retained his heroic martial bearing, reminding us of the conquerors of Rocroi or Austerlitz, one of our officers asked him about his wound.

"It's nothing—nothing of the slightest consequence," replied the sergeant, in lingering tones, which betrayed him at once to me as a native of a Paris faubourg. And my self-love as a son of Paris was gratified, I can tell you, when, in answer to a question of our officer, "Where do you hail from, my brave fellow?" the hero of the cane replied:

"Where do I come from, lieutenant? Why, from the Rue Mouffetard."



CHARLEY MULGRIDGE'S FIDDLE.

WHEN I was a boy, oh, ages ago,
And back with the boys that I used to know,
There were countless pleasures and keen delights
That seemed like parts of *Arabian Nights;*
But of all the things that there used to be,
Not one seemed so hopelessly lost to me
    As Charley Mulgridge's fiddle.

Its crippled owner could ever entrance
The gathered hosts at a country dance,
And every earthly care took wings
As his bow scraped merrily over the strings,
And a genie rose to bid care depart
From the wonderful depths of the wonderful heart
    Of Charley Mulgridge's fiddle.

No wedding in all the country-side
But it was there to salute the bride,
And its voice was a promise of hope and truth
And a snowy age for a golden youth,
And its cheery tones to the newly wed
Seemed as a greeting from heaven instead
    Of Charley Mulgridge's fiddle.

Oh, marvelous strains have I heard since then,
And magic music by wizardlike men—
By Gilmore and Thomas, and men like these,
And Edouard Strauss from across the seas—
And their minstrelsy made my heart rejoice,
For through it I seemed to hear the voice
    Of Charley Mulgridge's fiddle.

For at those times when the music swelled
I closed my eyes and again beheld
The crippled fiddler with flying bow—
The "first four forward" and "dos-à-dos"—
And the gay young people who danced the night
Away to the realm of that joyous sprite
    In Charley Mulgridge's fiddle.

And it seemed thro' the strains that a wandering ghost
Sang of the things that I have lost,
But sang in a voice that once again
Brought youth to gray-haired women and men,
And the wonderful music of later days
Was only created to swell the praise
    Of Charley Mulgridge's fiddle.

And I look with eyes that know naught of tears
Back through the curtain of gathered years,
And hear again the same old tunes
That made Decembers eternal Junes,
And I speak again as saluting a wraith,
The greeting of Time, and I keep the faith
    With Charley Mulgridge's fiddle.

CARL SMITH.

A REVOLUTION IN PLUMVILLE.

PLUMVILLE "'foh de wah" was an uninteresting little village lying in a remote valley of a New England agricultural district. If the soil was thin, the rocks were thick—so thick, indeed, that it was a grim joke that a shot-gun was needed to get the seed-corn into the first and between the second. Owing to this bed rock, the drainage was poor, and what the drought spared, sudden showers swept away.

All the young men went West, the old shoemaker had moved away, and even the minister had departed, leaving a monumental pair of crossed poles to bar the entrance to the meetin'-house. And yet these natives—New England men and women—were not lacking in shrewdness and common-sense. They were simply discouraged. With all their hard labor, they never got beyond the bare necessities of life. They had no amusements, no expectations, no hope. The women never had time to sit down, but spent their days cooking and washing in the kitchens. The front room was always closely shuttered, the front steps were overgrown with coarse weeds, and the front gate refused to open. Everybody came and went by the back door, along the narrow worn foot-path. No flowers were cultivated, and few varieties of vegetables. News was old when it reached Plumville, and excited little more interest than archæological stories. Few books were bought, and those few of a kind in which no rational being could feel an interest. Games of cards were tabooed. There could be no social life in so sparsely settled a region. It was a custom for the farmer who had "arrants" in the village to bring the occasional newspaper or rare letter for the inhabitants on his route. So if Brown saw Smith jogging along towards "the Centre," he (Brown) knew that on Smith's return an hour or two later he would find anything the mail had brought him in his yard, tossed there by the obliging Smith.

Once a year, perhaps, there would be a wedding, for in Plumville all widowers speedily replaced their "first." On these occasions it was usual to borrow white kids from the doctor, who had sentimentally or economically (for he had himself worn them at two separate ceremonies) preserved his with care.

In the spring of 1880 old Mr. Elkins fell sick. His wife had just died, and he had no children. It was an added burden to the weary neighbors, who felt they must "do" for the old man. At the best it was fragmentary service, and the invalid was alone many hours out of every twenty-four. The relief was great, therefore, when somehow or other a nephew's widow, or a cousin's daughter, appeared as nurse and housekeeper. She brought a niece with her—a slip of a freckled girl about sixteen years old, whose name was Milly French. Milly assumed the care of the chickens, milked the cow, fed Towser, and as she came and went about these duties the neighbors wondered to hear her singing like a happy bird. She threw open the front blinds and let the sunlight sacrilegiously stream through the windows; she even set the sacred front door ajar, and sat on the door-steps on pleasant afternoons with her knitting-work. If the sunset were very gorgeous, she was seen with idle hands. The spindling grass was sheared off, so that the gate would swing back easily.

"It is enough to make Mis' Elkins turn in her grave," said Neighbor Flint.

As the summer advanced, all unconscious of Plumville etiquette and conventionality, Milly wandered in the fields hunting for orchids, or took long walks to Bacon's woods, fetching her basket full of plants, which she industriously transplanted in the virgin soil of the Elkins front yard.

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Flint, as she peeked through an opportune crevice of her side window. "What won't she do next?"

But Milly watered her honeysuckles, propped up her daisies, put rich loam into the sandy waste, and was rewarded by multitudes of blossoms. When the hens scratched up her treasures, she contrived an enclosure of palings that circumscribed their operations. By-and-by she added a trellis for a wild rose-bush, and a long tent of twine for her fluffy wood-clematis. Little by little the small house, unpainted, but tinted a soft, silvery, weather-beaten gray, began to outline its windows in bright green, and to throw woodbine garlands all over the homely porch. Season after season went by. Milly now had seeds and cuttings to give away. She carried bouquets to the sick, potted a root for a friend, brought a jar of mignonette from Lincoln, or received a package of seeds from a florist. It thus came to pass that every house in Plumville soon boasted a flower-bed, and in winter every kitchen had at least one window full of petunias or geraniums, the steam of cooking or washing causing them to grow wonderfully. Cold frames for pansies were manufactured; even strawberries and asparagus were attempted. And that these improvements might not fail, the land about the house was drained, low branches lopped off, the sink nozzle extended to a safe distance, till light and air and dryness came to these denizens of the kitchen.

You would not have known Plumville. Why, the shoemaker, who came back to stay, pretended he had never seen it before. It was rumored that a baker's cart would come over from Lincoln once a week, and on the strength of it the postmaster cleared off a shelf and drove six nails in the loose door-steps. But this Plumville boom is far ahead of my story. Long before the flowers had begun to be very common there, Milly French puzzled much over the unused church. One day she got the key and went in. Though it was August, the interior was cold and damp, almost like a cellar. Cobwebs hung from the two long stove-pipes that extended the whole length of the building. Torn hymn-books were lying about, and several window-panes were broken. A general air of desolation pervaded the place. Milly sat for a long time thinking, thinking. Then she walked very quickly to Mrs. Flint's, who lived near by.

"Oh, Mrs. Flint, isn't it disgraceful to have our meeting-house shut up?" she cried on entering.

"La, child! what should it be open for?" asked Mrs. Flint, in amazement.

"Why, to have a minister, as they do at Lincoln, and everywhere else but just here in Plumville."

"There's no use talkin', Milly; we haven't any money, nor any public spirit."

"If you'll help me, I'll have that church open next Sunday," cried Milly.

"Me! What can I do?" sighed poor Mrs. Flint, aghast.

"If you'll get your husband to mow the grass and sweep out, I'll do the rest."

"I don't believe he can."

"Yes, he can, if he has a mind to. It wouldn't take an hour," asserted Milly.

"Well, I'll ask him, but I know he won't."

"Oh, don't *ask* him; tell him he *must*," said Milly, decidedly.

After much protest Mr. Flint agreed to cut a few swaths in front of the church door, but no persuasion could induce him to attack the cobwebs inside.

A notice in a feminine hand appeared on the post-office door, and another was nailed to the big elm (the natives called it *ellum*) at "the Corners," to the effect that "Sunday, August 28th, *D. V.*, there will be services in the Congregational church. All are invited." Old men put on their spectacles and read these notices slowly through—usually aloud, and also usually said, "I declar' for't!"

No one could tell anybody anything further; but the farmers drove back to their lonely homes with a pleasant thrill of anticipation. Something was going to happen at last even in Plumville. The women, when they heard, were much excited. The most dissipated among them had never seen a circus or a minstrel show since they were very young; that was so long ago it did not seem as if *they* saw it. Some pious souls had sorely missed "religious privileges," and all had felt the need of a gregarious motive.

This news was wonderful. Miss Bacon perked up and got her "alapacca" gown out of the camphor "chist" to baste fresh lace at the wrists. Mrs. Smith went to "talk it over" with Miss Brown, and staid to tea—an unheard-of self-indulgence. Half the women (exactly four) at "the Corners" harnessed up and drove to "the Centre" to learn particulars. But no particulars were forth-coming. There were the two notices in a feminine hand; there was a freshly cut path to the church door, and the crossbars were down; that was all. Curiosity was at a tremendous pitch.

On Sunday morning, August 28th, the farmers for five miles around came over the hills and plunged down into Plumville valley. The horse-shed was full of "teams"; every hitching-post was in use. Even Deacon Bird was on time, marshalling his numerous progeny down the aisle, quite unconscious (as all good men are) of the makeshifts in their attire, called thus suddenly to do duty as Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes. The soft summer air swayed the long cobwebs depending from the rusty stove-pipes, and blew out the musty taint of mouldy months.

It was half past ten. Perfect silence reigned in the little bare church. Some gray heads were bent forward, as befitting the place, but lively eyes glanced over the spectacles in eager expectation. A few women shaded their eyes with coarsened hands in a pretence of being at prayer, but even there a profound alertness was visible. Then this happened: Milly French rose and came forward to the communion table, upon which stood a basket of lovely ferns and late roses. She looked serious, but not at all frightened. She read a psalm in a clear voice, gave out a hymn, which was sung by three elderly women in the front pew, then she opened a book and read Phillips Brooks's sermon from the text, "Comfort ye my people." It can be imagined, perhaps, how these sympathetic words chained the attention and touched the hearts of all present. It was a pretty sight, and never to be forgotten by those who saw it.

At the close the Doxology was given with a will. And thus, *D. V.*, the Plumville church *was* opened on Sunday morning, August 28th, and it has never been closed since. That was years ago, but Milly French still reads a sermon there every Sunday morning. She has educated that people far beyond their means to pay for. They invite no candidate to their pulpit. They are familiar with the great preachers of the world. Some incline to episcopacy, and do not see "how you can get around the laying on o' hands." Some are Beecherites; others agree with Channing. Dean Stanley and Canon Farrar have a following. Robertson and Maurice are admired and loved. No creed binds their consciences, no formulated vow restrains them. They range over spiritual truths as presented by different and differing minds. Earnest discussion and zealous argument show on occasion unusual thoughtfulness and cultivation.

Thanks to Milly French, Plumville, a bower of vines and flowers, is one of the prettiest of small villages physically, while for intellectual and spiritual training it is one of the most advanced.

AUGUSTA W. KELLOGG.